The Nation.

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The Week.

That "the hardest battle of the war" should have been fought just when we were positively assured that the fighting in the Philippines was all over, cannot overcome the average man like a summer cloud without his special wonder. He had been led to believe from Gen. Otis's dispatches that there was nothing left of the Filipino army but scattered guerilla bands, and now he reads of "the largest and best-organized body of men which has met the American troops." We do not say there has been deception. Otis has been referring to the forces in the north with Aguinaldo, and all the while the Filipinos to the south have been practically unmolested. They apparently grew so confident of their strength that they were about to attack our lines in force, and it seems to have been Otis's thought that he could not possibly allow such a blow to his military prestige. So he himself took the aggressive, and bloody work it was. Even the American accounts agree that the natives fought with astonishing courage and tenacity. It was said of Tennyson that men went to see him expecting to find a lion and really finding a bear. If our soldiers went out to hunt Filipinos expecting to find rabbits, they have evidently found something more like tigers. Brave men fighting against tyrants for their liberty could not display finer valor.

The War Department's announcement of its retention at home of one battalion of each of the colored regiments ordered to Manila, marks the adoption of the English system of a home-depot battalion. It is the first sign we have had that Messrs. Alger and Corbin are looking into the future in army matters. As such, and as the evidence of a desire to make foreign service as comfortable as possible for our troops, it calls for praise. But if Mr. Alger had read some recent debates in Parliament upon this subject, he would have learned that the "linked-battalion" system, as it is known in England, has come in for much fault-finding and criticism, its shortcomings being a potent cause of the latest increase in the Queen's land forces. Long years of experience have shown that a single battalion is able to keep another in tropical foreign service supplied with officers and men only by constantly stripping itself of its best material, to its grave detriment. Mr. Alger's plan is that our home battalions, besides being recruiting and training depots, shall be the refuge of officers and men invalided from the tropics. But how can invalids become good drill masters, and what doctors would order fever-stricken men to the winter snows of Alaska and the Dakotas, or to the unbearable heat of our Southwestern and Texas posts? And how can sufficient officers be found for the home battalions if West Point is to have its quota of instructors, and if the many recruiting details and staff places are to be filled?

Even should a way be found out of these difficulties, it must not be forgotten that, after seven years, the English regiments abroad are recalled to a like period of home service. This cannot be done in our army (if we are to keep permanent garrisons in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines) by merely sending the one home battalion to take the place of the other two. It means that the country must have at least twenty more regiments to provide proper relief for those on foreign service. Not only is this necessary as a matter of humanity, but because it would probably be no easy matter to obtain officers and men willing to spend practically indefinite periods away from all the attractions of civilized life. The fact that, since January 1, sixteen field officers have voluntarily gone on the retired list rather than continue to serve with their regiments in the Philippines or Cuba, must not be overlooked. We do not believe that any one can begin to estimate what the actual military cost of holding these islands will be, since time alone can give an idea of the pension increase we are surely in for, and neither Destiny nor Duty nor any other guide has yet informed McKinley how many of the 1,200 islands we are to garrison. Fifty men to an island would make 60,000, but Luzon alone, Gen. Otis thinks, will call for 28,000 in time of peace. The situation demands deeper thought and more extensive plans than any that have yet come from White House or War Department.

No other man can speak with such authority about the situation in Cuba as Gen. Wood, who has been Military Governor of the province of Santiago since the close of the war. It is most reassuring, therefore, when he tells inquirers everywhere, during his present brief visit to this country, that the situation and the outlook are full of promise. We knew before of the marvellous improvement in sanitary conditions which has been brought about, and which Gen. Wood says has within a year reduced the death-rate of the province from appalling dimensions to a proportion below that of New York city. What we chiefly wanted to learn was whether there has also been progress in other directions; whether the people are taking to work; and whether it looks as though they would some time be able to govern themselves. On all these points Gen. Wood speaks frankly, fully, and encouragingly. Brigandage has been stamped out, order prevails, the people are at work and contented, schools have been opened, and "the great cry among them is for more schools"; and while they are not yet fit for self-government, "they are on the road to it."

The extraordinarily involved and almost incoherent line of argument by which Attorney-General Griggs interpreted the anti-canteen legislation of Congress to mean that the sale of liquor in canteens was really legalized by the act in question, was calculated to make the reader doubt whether the author of that opinion was capable of clear reasoning. But the reply which Mr. Griggs has just made to an inquiry from the War Department as to the rights of cable companies in Cuba is a straightforward and cogent piece of writing, which applies sound principles to the case in hand, and incidentally states fairly the proper relation of our Government to affairs in that island at the present time. Many years ago the Western Union Company established cable communication between the United States and Cuba, under a concession from Spain that it should enjoy an exclusive right for forty years. The Commercial Cable Company recently sought authority to establish a line, claiming that the Western Union enjoys a monopoly which one company ought not to have, and also that its grant is void, because it was obtained by fraud practised on the Spanish Government. The Attorney-General points out that all governments have granted concessions which amounted to monopolies, and that such grants are legal, while he maintains that the allegation of fraud is essentially a question for judicial examination and decision. Mr. Griggs concludes by expressing the quite justifiable opinion that controversies as to grants and franchises taken from Spain, but exercisable within the island of Cuba or other islands derived by the United States from Spain, ought not to be precipitated to a decision in the present unsettled condition that prevails in those islands.

Mr. Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin is authority for the statement that the Senate committee on finance, or the Republican members thereof, at their recent meeting in this city, agreed informally to recommend the passage of a bill declaring all the obligations of the Gov-

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ernment payable in gold. There are other reasons for believing that Mr. Payne's information is correct. Leading Republican newspapers are advocating that policy in a way which indicates a common understanding that this is soon to be one of the tenets of the party. It would not be a great step to take, but it would be a very desirable one. Such a bill, once passed, would anchor the country on a gold basis until a Senate, a House, and a President should concur in repealing it. Even this would not be the chief benefit to flow from it. Such a law would influence the thought of the nation. The gold standard would be a part of the people's daily walk and conversation, and would develop an unquestioned national policy. It is doubtful if any party would have the hardihood to deny or controvert it after it was once placed on the statute-book. It may be affirmed that the existing law makes gold the standard of value, and hence that the proposed new law would be superfluous. Week-kneed, backboneless Republicans will very probably urge this as a reason for doing nothing. To all such we commend a prayerful reading of their last national platform, which says:

"All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor *all measures* designed to maintain inviolable the obligations of the United States, and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened nations of the earth."

This resolution was adopted at the St. Louis convention June 18, 1896, but no step has been taken by Congress to carry out the declared purpose of the convention. It might be awkward for the party to go into the next campaign without having put upon the statute-book a single word on the subject.

The death of Richard P. Bland calls to mind once more the Bland bill, and all the strife over it, and all the consequences of it. Mr. Bland did a great deal of mischief during the twenty-five years that he was in public life, but it is probably true that if he had not taken the lead in the silver agitation, some other ambitious politician would have done so. The money question was at the front in 1872, when Bland was first elected to Congress. It was then a dispute over fiat money, inflation, paying the bonds in greenbacks, and similar crudities growing out of war-financiering. The decline in the price of silver happened in the course of that dispute and just as the fiat-money men had been "knocked out," by the defeat of Butler in the Republican party and of Pendleton in the Democratic. The decline in silver was one of the most baleful accidents that ever befell the financial affairs of any nation. It took the victory that had been won, after hard fighting, by the friends of sound money, out of their hands, and plunged the nation into a controversy of more than twenty years' duration, and led to the useless expenditure of $464,000,000 gold by the Government in the purchase of silver bullion, without any benefit whatever to the owners of silver mines or to any human being. This expenditure was useless and worse than useless, because the production of silver was artificially stimulated, and the accumulation now hangs over the silver market of the world, depressing the price unduly, because the buyers believe that it will some day come upon the market like the discarded silver of Germany.

Four hundred and sixty-four million dollars is a pretty large sum to pay for one lesson in the science of finance, but that was not all that it cost us. The panic of 1893 was one of its consequences, and that panic cost more than the Government paid for its silver bullion, but the loss was distributed among individuals instead of being entered in the Treasury ledger. Now the cloud that lowered above us so long is passing away, and Mr. Bland passes away with it. His political career was a failure in every sense. He failed to carry the measure to which he devoted all his public life. The bill which bears his name was not his, but Senator Allison's. Bland himself opposed it bitterly, and voted for it only after it had become plain that he must take that or nothing. He not only failed to carry his own measure, but he failed to secure a nomination for President when the Democratic party finally put itself on his platform. It is generally conceded that Mr. Bland was sincere in his beliefs. We do not call his sincerity in question, but his career is a fresh illustration of the truth that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Mr. Bland knew just enough about finance to put him in the wrong, and he had sufficient ability and perseverance to drag a large unthinking multitude after him.

The spoilsmen have no doubt about what the President's recent civil-service order signifies. They have never shown such evidence of hopefulness in their warfare against the reform since the passage of the law of 1883 as they now manifest in view of President McKinley's recent "backward step." The news comes from Washington that "prominent Republican workers," who are disgusted with "the hollow sham of civil service," have organized a league, with stanch support of McKinley's administration and bitter opposition to "civil service" as its chief objects, between which no antagonism is recognized. There have been such organizations before, but they never had so much to encourage them as now. One of their aims is to keep "the hollow sham" out of the next Republican platform, and here, too, Mr. McKinley has helped their purpose. What, indeed, can the party say in 1900? In 1896 it "pointed with pride" to the placing of the civil-service law on the statute-book by the Republican party, and declared that "we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." But it would be ridiculous to make such a pledge next year, after what a Republican President has done this year.

Attorney-General Griggs is as confident as Senator Hanna is, that President McKinley will be renominated and reelected without difficulty and almost without opposition. Will imperialism be an issue in the campaign? Mr. Griggs, sitting serenely upon his own "glory-crowned heights," thinks it "will not figure as a distinct issue." The Republican platform will " refer to it approvingly," but the Democrats "will not deem it prudent to make it a party issue." The reason why imperialism will thus play no part in the campaign is because maintaining authority in the Philippines and elsewhere in our new possessions has become "not a question of party politics, but of national duty, and must be approached and considered by our citizens from their sense of duty to this country." That is the McKinley theory, undoubtedly. Ask no questions, indulge in no criticism, but stand by me, William McKinley, in everything I do. That is duty to your country, for I, aided by Mr. Hanna and Mr. Griggs and other faithful and unwearying eulogists of my greatness and goodness, *am* the country in the new era upon which I have launched it.

The movement toward the election of United States Senators by popular vote has met a set-back in Virginia. As the nearest approach to such a choice possible under the constitutional rule which requires election by the Legislature, the advocates of a change in that State have sought to secure either the calling of a Democratic State convention or the ordering of party primaries this year, for the express purpose of nominating a candidate who shall be supported by the legislators next winter. The question has been submitted to the State committee at a meeting in Richmond, and that body decided that there was not such a general demand from the Democratic voters for this new departure as to justify any action by the committee. It is pointed out that the people in the several legislative districts have always had and still have the power to control the election of Senators, either by leaving it to the judgment and discretion of the Representatives chosen by them, or by seeing that the Representatives chosen are in accord with them on the subject, or by instructing them where it

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is deemed necessary. It ought to be added that personal issues have played a large part in the decision of this question; those who favor the reëlection of Senator Martin opposing any change in the method of choice now, because they think it might hurt his chances, although some of them have in the past favored the popular election of Senators on general principles.

The Michigan Legislature has passed an anti-Trust law more sweeping, if possible, than that of Texas. It forfeits the charters of all corporations of the State that join together to create restrictions in trade, or to limit or reduce the production of any article of merchandise, or to control the market-price of the same, or to prevent competition. It prohibits the corporations of other States which come within these categories from doing business in the State. It subjects to fine, or imprisonment, or both, any person who aids or abets the combinations prohibited by the act, and declares void all contracts in violation of the act, and gives to any person injured in his business by the operation of a Trust the right of action against the offender for double the amount of damages sustained. Looking at this enactment, and at those which have preceded it, and at those still pending in other States, we apprehend that it will be useless to contend against the public feeling which prompts them. The battle must be fought out in the courts, and more especially in the markets of the country. It is very likely that the courts will sustain the anti-Trust laws wherever they can do so, as they sustained the Granger legislation in the seventies. The crucial test of the anti-Trust laws will be found, however, in the experience of society. Probably they will be found unworkable in some particulars and injurious in others; that is, injurious to the community. Time only can answer these questions. Probably Congress will not remain unaffected by the anti-Trust excitement now sweeping over the country. The saying of Mr. Havemeyer that "the mother of all Trusts is the protective tariff bill" has awakened many echoes in the country press, and the more it is talked of and the oftener it is printed, the wider is the belief that Mr. Havemeyer spoke the truth.

The strike which has just broken out in the State of Colorado is one which is without a precedent in the history of such struggles. It is among the men employed in smelter works, but it affects all mining operations, and, beyond them, other allied industries, as well as the business of the railroads. Thirty thousand is considered a reasonable estimate of the number of men who will immediately be thrown out of work, while 5,000 railroad employees will lose their jobs if the mines of the State are generally closed. The employees in the smelter works have hitherto worked ten or twelve hours a day. Last winter they appealed to the Populist Legislature to pass a law for a shorter day, and that body enacted a statute which provides that "the period of employment of workingmen in smelters and in all other institutions for the reduction or refining of ores or metals shall be eight hours per day, except in cases of emergency where life or property is in imminent danger." But the owners and operators generally claim that they could not operate their works profitably if they should pay as much hereafter for a day of eight hours as they have heretofore paid for one of ten or twelve; and, with few exceptions, they proposed to substitute a system of payment by the hour, under which the men would earn considerably less than before. It is not unlikely that the trouble may soon be ended by a judicial decision that the law is unconstitutional as class legislation. The question whether such a statute would stand was submitted to the Supreme Court of Colorado in 1895, and it declared that "it is not competent for the Legislature to single out the mining, manufacturing, and smelting industries of the State and impose upon them restrictions with reference to the hours of their employees, from which other employers of labor are exempt."

Has the Mazet inquiry, which has been adjourned till August, really accomplished anything? This is the question which one hears oftenest about the investigation, and it is usually answered in the negative. There is no disputing the fact that, in the estimation of most people, the inquiry has been a failure. Yet Mr. Moss, as we look back over his labors, has set forth very clearly certain facts in our condition which we only suspected before he began. He has made Croker admit under oath that he controls and runs the government of the city for his personal benefit. He has shown by the evidence of Croker's sons and family relations that the departments are used for the purpose of extorting blackmail from contractors and others for the benefit of the Croker family. He has made Devery and Price and the Police Board confess that the police power of the city is exerted, not for the suppression of vice and crime, but for their protection, stimulating their growth in order that the revenue from them may be made as large as possible. The portraits which he has induced the police authorities to draw of themselves on the witness-stand—those of Hess, Sexton, York, Devery, and Price—have been invaluable revelations of the Croker system of government. Nothing equal to them has ever before been exhibited in a civilized community. One after another, these agents and administrators of our laws, the supposed servants of the people, have declared their contempt for both laws and morals, have defied and insulted both the committee and the respectable sentiment of the community, have shown themselves too ignorant and uneducated to be able to speak in ordinarily correct language, and too coarse and brutal to have any proper sense of the disgraceful revelations they were making of their own characters.

The general belief is that when Platt started the inquiry, he intended it to be only a little one, just enough to alarm Croker into giving him a larger share of police patronage. Croker was not easily scared, and the employment of Mr. Moss as counsel made it impossible to restrict the inquiry after it was ordered. The net result has been quite different from what Platt intended. Croker has been "shown up," it is true, but so has Platt. He has been exhibited as a boss of precisely the same type as Croker, and Croker's insistence on the witness-stand upon the calling of Platt, if the inquiry was to be impartial and thorough, deprived the inquiry at the outset of most of its moral force. As a sort of stereopticon show of the evils of boss rule, the inquiry has been an interesting and useful exhibition, but beyond that it has not accomplished much that will leave a lasting impression.

Only a languid interest attaches to the Venezuelan arbitration, so far as relates to the matter in dispute, but the proceedings will be watched with close attention, as they may throw new light on the subject of international arbitration. Lawyers will also watch the proceedings as a tournament of the best legal minds of England and America. Probably we shall add something also to our stock of knowledge from the rulings of the court and the umpire on questions of precedents and on the law of evidence. The spectacle which the tribunal itself presents is an object-lesson to The Hague conference, to which it must serve in some degree as a stimulant, and all the more since Martens, the Russian jurist, holds the foremost place in both. Every precaution seems to have been taken to secure, not only an absolute decision of the question at issue, but one which shall command the assent of the parties to the controversy. In his opening speech on Thursday Sir Richard Webster, speaking of the fifty-year-title clause, suggested that where a case of fifty years' occupation was found to be beyond the line of the true boundary of the government whose subjects were there settled, the boundary should be deflected, with territorial compensation elsewhere, or with pecuniary compensation. As this rule would work both ways, it could not be considered as favoring one party more than the other.

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INTERNATIONAL UNITY.

The proposals of the Czar of Russia, which have occasioned the Conference now sitting at The Hague, have been compared with the scheme of the "Holy Alliance" brought forward by Alexander I. Such a comparison shows how much civilization has advanced during the century. The Holy Alliance was a secret agreement among despots. They were perhaps unusually benevolent despots, but they intended to suppress liberty, and they carried out their intention. The minute supervision of Government officers rendered free speech and even free thought impossible for subjects, and made international trade and travel very difficult. In a recent tour undertaken for the purpose of learning European sentiment concerning the Czar's rescript, an English journalist travelled everywhere, talked to every one, and wrote everything without hindrance. A few centuries ago such a tour would have been physically impossible; even a century ago it would have been impracticable. Its purpose would have been inquired into, and probably condemned. The tourist would have found the barriers of the custom-house almost insurmountable. He would have met with the greatest difficulty in obtaining a passport, and even if he bore one made out with the utmost precision, he would have been subjected to frequent detentions. His apartments would have been visited by the police, his letters would have been opened and perhaps refused transmission by the post, and he would not have been able to go for a walk without being followed by spies.

These intentional hindrances to freedom of communication have practically disappeared. The passport is still required in Russia and in Turkey, but throughout the civilized parts of Europe it is no longer thought of. The nuisance of custom-houses is unabated, but the inconvenience is generally reduced to a minimum, and so long as taxes on imports are maintained, the inspection of travellers' luggage must take place. With this exception, it may be said that the barriers between the different countries of Europe have been broken down. The traveller may pass without interruption from the North Cape to Sicily. Letters are sent by the post to any part of Europe without governmental interference, and merchandise, once committed to the carrier, goes steadily on to its destination without further care to the consignor. The International Postal Union has quietly, almost imperceptibly, melted away the obstacles to the diffusion of knowledge which despotism had studiously interposed, and now, when a letter is once dropped into the box, it goes almost automatically to the person to whom it is addressed. Mail-bags, at least, are carried from country to country without custom-house examination. The International Railway Bureau is seldom spoken of, and is perhaps unknown to most of those who are benefited by its work, but it is one of the most effective agencies in bringing about the unity of Europe. It practically makes all the railways of Europe one system for many purposes, and manages, in spite of tariffs and custom-houses, to deliver goods with remarkable expedition.

Besides the Railway Bureau there are the Telegraphic Union, the unions for the protection of patents, of trade-marks, and of copyrights, and others. As M. Droz, the head of the Railway Bureau, says, trade asks little of the state, and the state rather hinders than helps it. Only grant it legal security and it will take care of itself. It will do more; it will gradually make the rulers of the state submit to its requirements. In spite of all endeavors to keep up national jealousies, the expansive and pervasive force of commerce overcomes in the end. Even the French and Italian Governments have been forced to admit the folly of their tariff wars by the arguments taken from trade statistics. Trade is sometimes regarded as a sordid affair; it does not strike the imagination of mankind as the uniform of a soldier does. But when we see what has been done by these commercial agencies in building up rights, they do not seem sordid. The Railway Bureau, for example, has made all the managing departments of the railways of Europe severally answerable, so that a suit for damages may be brought against either the sending or receiving agent. The Telegraphic Bureau has established the right of every one to send a dispatch, the right of secrecy, even the right to send messages in cipher, the right to a fixed and reasonable tariff. People think little of these things, but they make, collectively, a very great addition to the list of rights formerly enjoyed by the common people.

Under the constant prodding of trade, the governments themselves have had to recognize European unity. One of the notable instances of this result is the Commission for the Regulation of the Danube. It would be hard to say whether the perversity of nature or of man more impeded the navigation of that stream. But the governments of the countries interested finally consented to act together for the relief of commerce, and the commission established by this agreement, although clumsily enough constituted, has gradually accomplished very important results. These steps towards the "federation of the world" should encourage us to hope that we may be nearing the end of the military régime. The common people everywhere detest it; the educated people very generally condemn it; but the rulers of the nations maintain it. They, however, are not insensible to public opinion, and Europe is in so many ways now united that armies will seem more and more an anachronism. When we consider what has been accomplished within a comparatively short time, we can take heart. The more the world talks about peace and disarmament, the more desirable will they appear and the harder will it be for rulers to oppose them.

A BIPARTISAN CENSUS.

By this time it must be plain to every one that Merriam will make as bad a mess of the twelfth census as Porter did of the eleventh. The longer he goes on, the more the wonder grows why the President should have appointed him Director, instead of reappointing Porter. It is true, Porter had brought discredit upon the Harrison Administration; but some lessons of experience had been so drilled into him that he could hardly have done worse, and might have done better, if he had tried his hand again. Merriam's first act in office was to emphasize the President's distrust of Porter by searching the record to find out what Porter did, and then taking care to do something else. It is the pursuit of this delicate policy which has got him into most of his trouble.

At the outset he admitted that he knew nothing about statistics, and, as he had never studied census methods, no technical scheme of administration had shaped itself in his mind; but in his political career he had taken a hand in carving up salaried jobs and passing the slices around, so he gave his whole mind to that branch of his duties. First, what had Porter done about appointments? He had pooh-poohed the idea of putting his bureau under the civil-service rules, and had set up instead a sliding-scale test for the sons and nephews, poor relations, and other dependents of the men who stood by him in Congress. If an incompetent could not pass an examination of the highest grade, perhaps he could pass an easier one; if that still was too hard for him, he could come in any way, figuring on the pay-roll as a laborer and doing the work of a clerk. None of this for Merriam, if you please. He took pains to explain that he would not have objected, personally, to letting the Civil-Service Commission sift his applicants and give him only the best; but there was the law, which provided that "these persons shall be appointed," not from the classified service, but "by the Director of the Census," and this, of course, left him no discretion. But he did intend to make his own examination rigid. He would hire merciless examiners to put the most searching questions. If an applicant was turned away at the front door, he would find no back door open, as in Porter's day; still, if he passed, it would do him no harm to have some "influence."

Has this plan gratified the spoilsmen

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who engineered the census law through Congress? No more than it has satisfied the good citizens who want a census force worth the money spent upon it. The spoilsmen say: "If you are going to have an examination as severe as the Civil-Service Commission requires, we might as well have left the whole business in the hands of the Commission." And they are right. That would have saved time, expense, and irritation without end. There is not an applicant able to pass a Census Bureau examination as rigid as Director Merriam proposes, who would not more willingly have taken the Commission's examination, because an appointment made through this agency would have been to the classified service, with a fair assurance of permanent tenure. Even with the law as it is, if the Director sought only competency in his clerks, he could obtain the addresses of thousands from the Commission without any formal process of certification. The law does not tell him where he must look for his help, and the Commission's eligible lists are continually drawn upon by private employers in search of skilled clerks.

This much for the office force; now, what had Porter done in the field? He had turned the enumeration into a mere machine for rewarding faithful Republicans. Well, Merriam must look out not to fall into such a mistake—at least, not in the South. To keep alive the era of good feeling there, was a mission of the McKinley Administration, and Merriam, as one of its prophets, must not ignore his share of the work. Hence the advertisement that in the Southern States a part of the patronage would be distributed through the Democratic Senators. At once arose a protest from two sources. The Republican bosses objected to these dispensing agents because they were Democrats, and the Democratic Representatives because they were Senators. The only persons pleased were the Senators themselves, and they were just two citizens in each State.

As usual, the plan devised to suit everybody suits almost nobody. The general verdict is that, if there is anything more foolish than Merriam's examination comedy, it is his bipartisan farce. The new Director doubtless understood vaguely that partisan censuses were bad things, but he could not reason from this that a bipartisan census is only a partisan census, with its vicious qualities doubled. He has made the old blunder of confounding bipartisanship with non-partisanship. The late Francis A. Walker knew the difference. He was forced to take the ninth census with partisan machinery, because the law gave him only United States Marshals for lieutenants in the field. Ten years later he was obliged to condemn his own population statistics for the South as untrustworthy; but he cherished no illusion that two parties were better than one in such a case. A letter to a friend who had just been appointed a public statistician contained a warning which today has a prophetic ring: "If any mistake is more likely than others to be committed in such a critical position, it is to undertake to recognize both parties as parties, and to award so much in due turn to each. This course almost inevitably leads to jealousy and dissatisfaction."

Gen. Walker might have gone more into detail and explained that where two parties divide such an enterprise between them, they either quarrel or they enter into a treaty. If they quarrel, each party will always denounce the work done by the other as worthless. If they agree, it is only to make common cause against all criticism, and defend bad work and good alike. Either alternative is bound to discredit the result, and the public has simply a big bill to pay for a pig in a poke.

THE RATIONALE OF TRUSTS.

Mr. H. O. Havemeyer gave rather more testimony before the Industrial Commission last week than was wanted. In fact, he rather turned the tables on his interrogators, for, although he did not question them, he confounded them and brought their questions to naught. He first plumped at them the general statement that "the mother of all Trusts is the customs-tariff bill." Then he proceeded to show how it has worked. "The existing bill and the preceding ones," he said, "have been the occasion of the formation of all the large Trusts, with very few exceptions, inasmuch as they provide for an inordinate protection to all the interests of the country—sugar-refining excepted." Probably Mr. Havemeyer meant all the special interests or all the favored interests, not "*all* the interests"; for if all were inordinately protected, none would have any advantage over the others. Whether the refining of sugar has been omitted in the distribution of tariff favors is a moot question. It was much disputed when the Dingley bill was pending, and it was observed that, after the bill passed, there was a sharp and permanent rise in the quotations of Sugar Refining stock. The question is so extremely technical that only the best experts can form an opinion as to the amount of protection which the existing tariff affords, but probably the quotations in the market are the best test, and these would indicate more than the 3½ per cent. which Mr. Havemeyer says is the true figure.

The relative amount of protection afforded by the tariff to the sugar refiners, the sugar-growers, the Hawaiian Island planters (foreigners mostly, says Mr. Havemeyer), and other industries, is not, however, the chief point of interest in his testimony. It is probably true that if all customs duties except those for revenue were repealed so that each tub should stand on its own bottom, the sugar-refining industry would be benefited rather than harmed. The whole drift of Mr. Havemeyer's argument runs that way. However that may be, Mr. Havemeyer uttered some plain truths which will bear frequent repetition; among them these:

> "The tariff bill clutches the people by the throat, and then the Governors and the Attorney-Generals of the several States take action, not against the cause, but against the machinery which the people employ to rifle the public's pockets.
>
> "There appears to be in the public mind a distinction between robbery by an individual and that by a corporation. What is commendable in an individual appears to be dishonest in a corporation.
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> "I maintain that it is immaterial to the public in what form business is done—whether by an individual, firm, corporation, or even a Trust. These are merely forms of conducting busines, or, in other words, machinery for the operation of business. It is the duty of the Government to see that, under the tariff laws they enact, this machinery cannot in its actions result to the detriment or impoverishment of the public.
>
> "It is the Government, through its tariff laws, which plunders the people, and the Trusts, etc., are merely the machinery for doing it."

We have pointed out from time to time since the McKinley tariff first went into effect nine years ago, the *modus operandi* of the tariff in inducing the formation of Trusts. A Trust is a combination of the producing machinery of the country in a particular line of industry to stop competition and enable the producers of the particular article to sell it at a higher price than they could otherwise get. Such a combination is not possible, however, if the article in question can be imported from abroad. If Congress now steps in and performs the job of excluding the imported article or putting on duties which raise the price in the home market, not only is there an opportunity afforded, but an inducement or bonus is offered, to form the Trust. No wonder it was availed of as soon as the duties were raised to the inordinate and tempting height of the McKinley bill. Trusts multiplied on the heels of that measure—a measure so monstrous that such veterans of the tariff as Senator Morrill and Senator Sherman stood aghast at its provisions.

Senator Sherman took an early occasion after its passage to say that if advantage were taken of the tariff to form Trusts or combinations under the shelter of it, he would vote to put on the free list any article produced by such Trust or combination. He might as well have whistled against the wind. The promoters of Trusts laughed at him, or rather they gave no heed to his words. The only thing they gave attention to was the plum that he and McKinley and Aldrich and the rest had dangled before their eyes. The Republican party offered a premium for the formation of as many Trusts as there were separate articles in the bill, and when the Trusts came forward to take what was offered them, it began to pass other laws to

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punish them for taking the plunder. Senator Sherman was the first one in line to adopt this illogical course. The Sherman anti-Trust bill was the outcome; a measure which has never led to a conviction, we believe—at all events has never stopped or hindered a single Trust.

It is true, as Mr. Havemeyer acknowledges, that there are some Trusts which are not founded on the tariff. Whether these few are good, bad, or indifferent, there seems to be no way to get rid of them. We have little confidence in the efficiency of laws like the one recently passed by the State of Texas to prevent the selling of articles produced by Trusts, or to keep their agents out of the State. We apprehend that the citizens of Texas will suffer more from that deprivation than the Trusts themselves, and that the law will be repealed when the pinch becomes severe. That there is an easy and sure remedy in the hands of Congress for all the evils caused by the tariff-protected Trusts is plain enough. It is only necessary to remove the artificial barrier that Congress itself created for them. It is only necessary to do what Senator Sherman, in the days of his intellectual acumen, said that he would do—repeal every scrap of duty on every article which has been made the subject of a Trust or combine; or, if the revenue is needed, to levy an internal tax equal to the duty on every such article.

AT SEA FOR AN ISSUE.

The Democrats of Pennsylvania held their State convention at Harrisburg last week, to nominate candidates for two judges of the courts and for State Treasurer. This is an "off year," with no Federal officials to be elected, and the canvass ought to turn exclusively on State issues. The framers of the platform recognized the proper supremacy of such issues, and fourteen of the fifteen planks which they presented deal with questions of this sort. Republican newspapers concede that it is a good platform in this respect. The Philadelphia *Press* says that, "to most of the declarations, no honest man can take exception," and that the Republicans ought to second the demand for an amendment to the Constitution that will provide for an effective registration of voters. It even goes so far as to declare that "if the convention of the Republicans chooses to take issue with the ugly truths set forth by the Democrats, and writes an endorsement across the backs of all the questionable acts of Gov. Stone and the Quay machine and Mr. Quay himself, it will drive away thousands of voters now anxious to stay with their party, and will give the ticket nominated at Harrisburg yesterday a hopeful chance of winning, even in this overwhelmingly Republican State."

But the platform-makers at Harrisburg were not prepared to omit all reference to national politics in a deliverance upon which three candidates for State offices were to run in an "off year." The question was how this outside matter ought to be treated. Should the convention endorse the free coinage of silver specifically? Should it endorse generally the Chicago platform of 1896, of which the free-coinage resolution was the most important plank? Should it try to "keep in line" with the position assumed by the party three years ago without making the Chicago platform unduly prominent?

The policy of evasion was decided upon by the committee and was accepted by the convention. The first resolution, which was the only one referring to national politics, reads as follows:

> The Democracy of Pennsylvania in convention assembled, again renewing our pledges of fidelity and devotion to the sacred rights of the people, *true to the faith and principles of our party as declared in the platforms of our several national conventions*, and proud of our matchless leader, William Jennings Bryan, realize that the issues involved in the coming campaign in Pennsylvania are honest government, clean politics, and the redemption of our State from Republican misrule and corruption.

This covers equally the financial plank upon which Bryan was defeated in 1896 and that upon which Cleveland was elected in 1892. For that matter, it covers equally the platform upon which Seymour ran as the Democratic candidate in 1868, declaring that "we regard the reconstruction acts (so-called) of Congress, as such, as usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void"; and that upon which Greeley was supported by the same party in 1872, with the "pledge to oppose any reopening of the questions settled by the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution." In short, the position now taken by the Pennsylvania Democracy leaves them open to support any policy in the national convention of their party next year, whether such policy harmonizes with the platform of 1896, or be as inconsistent with that deliverance as was the platform of 1896 with the one of 1892, or that of 1872 with the one of 1868.

The uncertainty of mind as to the best course for the future of the party which was manifested at Harrisburg characterizes the leaders of the organization as a rule throughout the country. The Chicago *Times-Herald* has been asking members of the Democratic national committee what they think ought to be the battle-cry in 1900, and their replies show a growing disposition not to make the silver question again the dominant one. Most would "reaffirm the Chicago platform of 1896," but some of these could doubtless be induced to compromise on endorsing "the faith and principles of our party, as declared in the platforms of our several national conventions." A number of committeemen favor laying most stress on opposition to Trusts, and treating "the money Trust" as only one feature of a broad problem. "Imperialism" or "militarism" is suggested by some as likely to become a prominent issue next year.

But there is no approach to unanimity in opposing the present policy of the Republican Administration, so far as anybody can make out what that policy is. "As to the question of imperialism, expansion, or by whatever other name it may be called," says the member of the committee from Georgia, "I am inclined to think it would be very unwise for the party to commit itself now to any declaration, pending the changing conditions which, as readjustment proceeds, will give the people of the whole country better data from which to reach a satisfactory conclusion as to the national duty." Further illustration of the difference of opinion now existing is furnished by contrasting the "flat-footed" declaration of the Tennessee committeeman that "the Democratic platform should denounce in unmeasured terms the acquisition of territory by force of arms," with this equally positive statement by his colleague from the State of Washington: "No fault can or should be found with the administration of President McKinley in dealing with the Philippines as he has. Atkinson, Hoar, and Cleveland should not be permitted to frame the policy of the Democratic party with reference to the Philippines."

On the whole, such developments as those of the Harrisburg convention and of the canvass of the Democratic national committee are encouraging. The first step towards getting away from the advocacy of a hopeless policy is to cease to have any positive convictions about it, and there is evidently a considerable element in the Democracy which is now in this frame of mind regarding free coinage. It is far better to have a party at sea for an issue than to have it embark again on a voyage straight to the rocks on which it has once been wrecked.

CONDITIONS IN CRETE.

ATHENS, May, 1899.

The question now uppermost in people's minds in this part of the world is not so much when and how the four Powers are going to leave the Island of Crete to her own devices, but what these devices will be. There is talk of the complete withdrawal of the foreign troops and officials within a few weeks, but this does not seem probable, and, whether it take place to-day or next year, the main question of Moslem versus Christian will remain to be solved. Well-instructed opinion differs as to which of these two parties is the worse, but various officials of foreign governments in Italy, Turkey, and Greece with whom I have spoken all concur in the belief that anything done which may alienate the Moslem inhabitants, even in sympathy, from the island will be most unfortunate for its future well-being. While the Turkish flag that now floats on a small rock in Suda Bay is the only visible sign of the sovereignty of the Sultan, the num-

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ber of Moslems still left in the island is, notwithstanding emigrations to Smyrna and other ports during the last year, very considerable, and their wealth is large in proportion to that of the Christians. So far as the Christians are concerned, it would be a pleasant solution of difficulties were all the Moslems to emigrate; and the desire of many of them to depart is shown by the price for which they to-day will sell their farms—oftentimes scarcely more than the passage money to one of the ports of Asia Minor. But all the Moslems will not emigrate; in the main, only those from the interior will do so, and the larger part of the Moslem population is settled in Candia and other cities.

At present, owing to the presence of European officials, affairs for the most part run smoothly, and the country is safe for foreigners, and almost equally so for its own inhabitants. It is quite possible, however, that, on the withdrawal of the Europeans, this happy condition will no longer endure. This fear is aroused by observing the general course of action of the temporary government which, until lately, has had charge of affairs. Two weeks ago, the first true autonomous ministry was chosen. It is composed of five members, four Christians, and one Moslem, who hold office subject to the will of Prince George. While the forms of the government exercised by this body may be slightly different from those practised during the past months, it is scarcely to be supposed that its general tone will be greatly altered; so, with little question, a fair idea of the future can be derived from study of the past. It is worth noting that the five officials are not true ministers, but merely councillors in charge of the Departments of Education and Public Worship, Justice, Interior, Finance, Public Works, and Agriculture. The presidency of this board, although the Constitution provides for no such office, will, in all probability, be held by M. Sphakianakis, who has charge of the Department of Education and Public Worship, and is ex-President of the Assembly.

To render justice to the Moslems will be one of the most difficult duties of this or any Christian government in Crete. Personal safety seems now to be, in the main, assured, but there is no certainty for the Moslem of meeting with just treatment in the courts, and no assurance that laws will not be promulgated pressing harder on him than on the Christian. The conditions in the Province of Candia (the English "sphere of influence") are excellent. Smuggling has been suppressed, the revenues doubled during the past six months. The natives, however, do not possess the same aptitude as the English for running affairs with mechanical impartiality and accuracy, and it is hardly to be doubted that before the island becomes self-supporting and orderly, the Moslems will have to suffer much. Instances of the sort of tyranny to which they will be subjected are already numerous. A few weeks ago a notice appeared in the official Gazette, saying that, Prince George having given his sanction to the measure, it was decreed that henceforth there should be an amnesty regarding all political crimes committed before November 4, 1898. By choosing this date, the Assembly provided for the pardon of all Christians; but, as it was after this date that the attack on the British troops and the consequent riot took place, a large number of Moslems would be exposed to trial. Naturally this decree created much ill-feeling, for, as far as murder goes, the "Christians" showed themselves at Sitia and elsewhere apt imitators of the Moslem. The Moslems did not demand free pardon, but merely that they should be treated in the same way as their enemies. The English sense of justice was strong enough to secure this for them, and, after some dispute between the Cretan and British authorities, the edict was repealed.

A similar spirit in the action of the Christian toward the Moslem is shown in the regulation passed that the official language of the island shall in all cases be Greek. Considering that Greek is the language spoken in Crete, the harshness of this enactment is not at once manifest, but, in consequence of its bearing on one at least of the Moslem religious institutions, it is hard for the Turks to endure. In giving over the island to Greece, the Powers guaranteed that Moslem institutions should in no way be interfered with. The system of church property throughout the Ottoman empire is peculiar and complicated. It is a branch of public affairs. All books of record and accounts pertaining to it are in Turkish. The English found it in Cyprus, and, although English was made the official language, they did not attempt to enforce its use in this department. The Cretan Administration seems not to be wise enough to follow this example, but is apparently bent on compelling the use of Greek in this as in other branches of governmental business. This policy is likely to be a constant source of irritation to the Moslem community.

To insure a civilized government, Prince George will, during his three years of office, have to solve two difficult problems—first, the allaying of fanatical ill-feeling of the two religions towards one another; second, the agricultural question. So long as a country whose main source of wealth lies in her agricultural products, and which used to have a considerable export trade, provides less than enough of the primitive products for her own consumption, she cannot be regarded as prospering. There is scarcely a village in Greece so poor or so secluded that a traveller could not get in it enough to eat, while it is a commonplace of travel in Crete that you must carry your food with you or go hungry. Crete is, agriculturally speaking, as rich a land as Sicily. You may have fresh grapes there from June to January—the first vintage is in July. Oranges, lemons, and figs grow to perfection. No oil is better than Cretan olive oil. The coast-line is most favorable for trading purposes, and for these the position of the island itself could not be improved. The fact is, that the country is even now vastly underpopulated. While it would not conduce to the advance of the country for the Moslems to be in control, it would be a suicidal policy to drive away peaceable and able-bodied laborers.

Another great, but as yet undeveloped, source of wealth lies in the unexplored archæological riches of the island. A partially satisfactory law in regard to these is about to be passed, and money for investigations will, for years to come, pour into the island as it does into Greece. It will come mainly, at least at first, from Europe, for American archæologists have not yet taken advantage of an opportunity that has brought European students into eager competition. The excavations of the next few years in Crete are likely to teach us more in regard to the early history of Greece and of the ancient currents of human life and endeavor in the Mediterranean basin than we have ever known.

If the Cretan Government should insure justice to all the people, the island might soon become one of the pleasantest corners of the earth. RICHARD NORTON.

THE ENGLISH RIVIERA.

WEST BOURNEMOUTH, May 30, 1899.

Health-seekers who wander for their quest need hardly take their tickets for the Nile, or even for Italy, if all they want is a mild climate for the winter and freedom from the danger of sudden changes of temperature; for the south of England, at least in certain sections, offers the most equable winter that I have ever had experience of, except, perhaps, Florida. The sun and the thermometer do not determine with full powers the degree of comfort which is necessary to the maintenance of health and good spirits, or which is to be obtained from any locality. Indoor conditions may be as fatal, or the reverse, as those of the open weather, and I have heard from friends wintering in Egypt as bitter complaints of discomfort from cold as those I had formulated in my Italian home, with its oscillating mercury; for, in that land of the sub-tropics, no preparation for the modern perturbation of the temperature seems necessary, and we all know that what the Italian landlord tells of the exposure of his apartment, "that there is so much sunshine here that you never need a fire," turns out to be a bitter delusion, and you are obliged to come to a stove with its pipe thrust through a window, to eke out your winter. There are many things to be considered when you go to test the proverb, "Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt," and the things which most change the soul are the things of the household, for one finds that the skies of Italy do not console when one shivers by the mockery of a hearthstone, and warms one's chilblained fingers by a *scaldino*, hieroglyph of the fireside of our home. I hear, as I write, of a young friend, proud of his ability to endure hardships, who has just been sent to an English health resort after a winter on the Nile, overdone by the rigors of a climate to which he had gone as a cure from the severity of the English winters.

I have tried wintering in many and widely different climates, and when, at the end of a term of twelve years' continuous residence in Rome, following several years in Florence, I decided to try the south of England for the winter, most of my friends, even in England, predicted the failure of the experiment. We are now in the flush of early summer, and I may consider the trial as at an end and the judgment in order, and it is that the winter in this part of England offers the most favorable conditions of existence for cases of persistent tendency to diseases of the throat and bronchitis of all that I know by experience. In the latest years spent in Rome, and consequently those in which my condition was the most nearly that of this winter, I had the advantage, not given to temporary residents, of living in my hired house, fitted with such heating apparatus as can be supplied where it is not arranged, as it rarely is, in the construction of the house, and meeting with more than usual satisfaction the demands of the climate. Yet whereas in Rome I rarely passed a week without a cold, dur-

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ing at least five months of the year, I have had here only one or two attacks which required treatment, or compelled me to keep the house for a day during the past winter. The difference between the climate of Rome and that of the south of England is not one of latitude or longitude—it is in the local conditions; and though one winter in this locality probably does not warrant a decision, it is even more probable that the late season has been rather worse than better than the average. The early part of it has been milder, the latter part—the early spring, liable always to be treacherous—has been colder and more unseasonable than the average; the spring is several weeks "behind time." By going further west, into Devon and Cornwall, the conditions are found to be still more favorable than here, in the southern borders of Hampshire.

The characteristic difference between the Roman winter and that we experience here is not, as most people imagine, in the greater or less tendency to malarial fevers, which the most elementary prudence will always avoid in Rome, but in the sudden and treacherous changes of temperature there at all seasons. The past winter here has probably had less than the average amount of snow and frost, for we have seen none of the former and only two or three short spells of cold sufficient to freeze the water in the gutters; but the difference cannot have been great, for plants of delicate constitution like the rhododendrons thrive here in the wild state in the greatest profusion, and the fuchsia flourishes, while the magnolia requires little protection. The great differences between the temperatures of morning and evening, or shade and sunshine, which constitute the gravest inconvenience of the Roman climate, do not exist here, and it is not unsafe to go out here on a warm winter day without an overcoat on your arm, as it is in Rome or any other place in southern Italy. Then, for the inevitable differences and changes of temperature which affect the indoor life, the English civilization has prepared its protection in the shape of fireplaces in every room—a convenience which Italian conservatism will not face. In fact, the greater part of the inconveniences of winter life in Italy consist in the obstinate refusal of the Italian to adapt his house to the requirements of the stranger. He seems to say always, "What is good enough for me is good enough for you, and if you want anything better, go elsewhere to find it." It has happened to me, in visiting some of the attractive and picturesque towns in the interior of Italy, to find the only inn so filthy as to be offensive to the nose, and quite unfit for a lady to enter it. On remonstrating with the landlord, that the filthiness of his house prevented foreigners from coming to the place, he has replied, "But the foreigners do not come; when they do, I will make the house clean." To this indolent indifference to his own advantage of the Italian host, the Englishman offers the sharpest contrast. His house is scrupulously clean, and he is extremely desirous to consult the tastes of his guest. The inns of the small towns are always comfortable, always clean, and provided with the conveniences of the locality in which they are. They are generally dear as compared with the same class of houses on the Continent, and the general system of separate living at the inn, due primarily to the Englishman's exclusiveness, makes it impossible to administer the business of inn-keeping economically; but wherever and whenever the attractions of a locality become evident, the system of lodgings and the letting of furnished houses come in to establish a large liberty in this respect. In this quality of liberty and its consequent bettering of life for mankind at large, England is at the head of civilization.

To come from such an abstract statement to the concrete example, I will put my own case. Dr. Lauder-Brunton, a high authority in such matters, advised me, on studying my case, which is an ordinary one of chronic bronchial troubles of a slight and intermittent character, exaggerated by my life in Rome, to look for a residence somewhere "in the tract of sunshiny country which extends from Dorking to Bournemouth"; and after certain vain explorations in the intervening sections I took the bull by this horn, and hired here what can be found only in England in a satisfactory condition, a furnished cottage. The owner, a widow lady, leaves all her household gods to my care, goes away so completely that we have never seen her since we came, and I am as completely at home as if I were in my own house. We have five bedrooms and two sitting-rooms, water and gas laid on, a hot bath always ready, and the tradesmen come to the door for orders. A large lawn enables us to invite all the birds of the vicinity to meet on it three times a day for such food as we can provide, and we enjoy their visits greatly, and just now the gardens around are vocal with their songs. I hate cities, and can never reconcile myself to live in one, but this is, so far as the thing is practicable to people of little means, a *rus in urbe*. We pay for it two pounds a week, with no taxes beyond the water and gas bills.

The municipality of Bournemouth, like most other small municipalities in England, is stupid and behindhand in all that goes to make a town attractive and convenient for a stranger, but it has not been able to destroy the natural charm of the place. We have the sea at our back door, and a vast pine woods which was capable of being made a paradise, on the other side. The former has been left outside the enterprise of the Town Council, and the latter is so ravaged by the roughs and ruffians that you may wander in it for days and never see a sign of life—every bird's nest is stolen and every squirrel stoned to death, though both survive the brutal lower classes in the grounds of some of the houses, and exist as a testimony to the potential attractions of the country. The vast pine woods which once covered the site where Bournemouth now stands, extend back to, and mainly through, the New Forest, which is not what we understand by forest at all, but is simply wild and uncultivated land, the greater part covered by heather and gorse without a tree. Here and there are tracts of woodland and other areas of cultivated land, which, like the private lands in our Adirondacks, were squatted on or bought from the Government before the importance of keeping a national park had become evident, and these cultivated sections probably comprise all the arable land in the district. The greater part of the woodland is pine, on a soil so poor and thin that nothing but the various species of pine (or fir), which are found on it, will grow. This causes a peculiar state of climate, or rather atmosphere, which is the secret of the extreme healthfulness of the region, the purity of the air. There are almost no flowers in the greater part of the district, consequently no birds, except where they can live by the food provided by the inhabited sections, and swallows and insect feeders in general are rare or unknown. I have not seen a single swallow in the country round about Bournemouth since I came, though twenty miles westward they are as abundant as in other countries. The effect on the air is peculiar, and such as I have seen in only one other region, Nocera of Umbria, where the same conditions of flora and fauna obtain, and the air has a lightness I never felt, so far as I can remember, elsewhere until I came here. The nurseries of germs and microbes do not exist as in regions where the flora and accompanying air-fauna are exuberant.

Yet we have a great deal of pleasure from the birds. The class of people who inhabit the villas and cottages in this district are of the English people who sympathize with the animal world, and the birds nest in their gardens as undisturbed as in an aviary, and on my lawn there come, at the hours of feeding, scores of thrushes, blackbirds, finches of various species, starlings, tomtits, and others I do not recognize, and, dearest of all, two pairs of robins, so friendly and familiar that they come to the edge of the lawn at feeding-time and look into the window to see if we are not coming with their food. It would be hard to find a country where man and nature are so amiably interdependent as here, though the cruelty of the lower classes in England towards all wild creatures is far greater than in the advanced sections of the United States, and the influence of the sporting classes is of the very worst and most brutalizing on the common people. But where you can escape the extremes, English life is humane and practically religious to a degree unsurpassed if not unequalled in any country of which I have experience.

W. J. STILLMAN.

ITALIAN FICTION OF THE TWELVEMONTH.

ALASSIO, May, 1899.

Neither Verga, D'Annunzio, Fogazzaro, De Roberto, nor Rovetta contributed to the novels of the year, nor yet did Matilde Serao nor Neera. *Hamlet* has been left out with a vengeance, and we have had either to amuse ourselves with *Rosenkranz* and *Guildenstern* or to seek our pleasure from a new set of entertainers. I may confess that it was in a sort of desperation that I accepted the latter alternative. I did not like reading unknown authors—the chances were strong against their being good; and still, however unlikely, there was always the possibility that something of value might be found among them. As for *Rosenkranz* and *Guildenstern* unrelieved—"troppa grazia, Sant' Antonio!"

When the case was once presented in this way, there was no doubt as to the choice to be made. Only, before giving an account of its results, it may be noted that Fogazzaro has published a volume of lectures under the title of 'Ascensioni Umane'; that De Roberto has given us a biography of Leopardi, Rovetta two plays, "Il Ramo d'Ulivo" and "Il Poeta," that make very agreeable reading, though, I believe, they were not particularly fortunate upon the stage, and D'Annunzio has followed up the "Città Morta" and "Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera" of 1897 by a "Sogno d'un Tramonto d'Autunno"

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and "La Gioconda," of such importance that I cannot help giving a few words to them here.

These two plays show a great advance upon those of the previous year. They have, to be sure, some of the same defects. The author intrudes himself upon the action, making narrative of the stage directions, so that in the representation much of his intention would be missed by the spectator who did not follow the play with book in hand. And then, in the dialogue, the style is the same for all; there is no attempt to differentiate the personages by their manner of speech. They all talk D'Annunzian, than which, it must be confessed, no prose could be more exquisite. I have tried on former occasions to do justice to its quality, and it was never more flowing, more musical, more perfectly finished than here. And, after all, harmonious prose does not necessarily stifle movement and passion: D'Annunzio gives another proof of this in one and the other of these plays. The "Sogno d'un Mattino di Primavera" was only a dream, lovely in its shadowiness, but too utterly impalpable to awaken any deep sympathy. The "Sogno d'un Tramonte d'Autunno," though "of the stuff that dreams are made of," is yet animated by a breath of passionate life. It is also remarkable in that there are two actions, one before the eyes of the spectator, and the other concealed, but, by an ingenious artifice, both are made to move together to a united catastrophe. "La Gioconda" is a yet finer work. There is in it, especially in the first and third acts, evidence of dramatic power of no common order. Unhappily, the second act is not of equal force, and, from the point of view of the theatre, the fourth is useless. Needless to say that in itself it contains rare beauties. A remarkable picturesqueness characterizes all these plays. The "Mattino di Primavera" is like a modern picture in which willowy and pallid damsels are set in a harmony of tenderest greens, forming a scene of romantic loveliness. Other readers than myself will probably be reminded by it of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. A hot light and a parched land are the image left in the memory by the "Città Morta." The riches of a Venetian palette are expended upon the "Tramonto d'Autunno," while the "Gioconda" has all the delicacy and distinction of the Tuscan landscape and art.

And, coming finally to the novels, I must begin with a work that can be called a novel only by courtesy; but I cannot omit all mention of a book that has given me so much pleasure. Indeed, 'La Carrozza di Tutti' of the veteran Edmondo De Amicis is capable of giving honest enjoyment to many. The sale of it is a proof of this; the works of no other Italian are disseminated so widely, and the thousands of 'La Carrozza di Tutti' already make a respectable figure in the advertised lists of the author's successes. The book is occupied with the observations made month by month throughout an entire year on the different tramway lines of Turin. "The eye sees what it carries with it the power of seeing," and De Amicis is above all an amiable optimist, with facile smile and equally facile tear. But he is not blind, for all that; the little romances he follows, with his notes and comments on them, make up an excellent bedside book; and the delicate naïveté of the following passage shows that the pervading optimism is by no means of the stupid sort. It relates to a spectacle of cruelty to animals:

"'What a child is man!' I said to him, directing his attention to the sight. And he, pointing out to me the three poor horses that the carters kept on whipping pitilessly, answered with his usual sneer, 'Child and wild beast'; then added, in a tone of irritation, 'You never see but the one half of human nature!' Strange! at those words I experienced a case of two-fold consciousness: the man was pleased with them—thinking, 'And so much the better!'—but the writer was offended, and, alas! the pleasure faded away after a moment; the resentment is not yet dead."

The opportunity has been good for making acquaintance with the younger writers, and with some of those who have hitherto passed unobserved behind the brilliant phalanx to the fore. There are plenty under both categories, the days being past when Italians read only French fiction, and the demand being sufficient to stimulate a brisk home production. It would be hard to say whether the average of it be higher or lower than that of other countries, but I may own that the ordinary reading—that of the rank and file—seems to me a trifle more dreary than usual. These young Italians take themselves too seriously, and their touch is rarely light. They are not quite so Zolaist as their predecessors, but the psychological analysis is still in fashion, and two at least of the cleverest works are among its victims.

'Il Vecchio' of Ugo Ojetti is one of these. The author, a young man, was sent by the *Corriere della Sera* as special correspondent to America during the late war. His letters, since published in book form, showed more than ordinary abilities. He no doubt left a pleasant memory of himself with many Americans, who probably did not suspect what a fund of gloom he had in him to lavish on his first novel. The subject is an old man of sixty-three years (when Sig. Ojetti shall have reached that age himself, he may find that he should have made his *Vecchio* some years older), who, having lost his wife, broods upon his own approaching death until, by indulgence in the one idea, he precipitates the catastrophe he fears. Of course, as the subject is outside of the possible experience of youth, the study is to be taken as a mere *tour de force*. Still, the novel is a remarkable one, and may be accepted especially as a promise of future (let us hope less dismal) good things.

The other victim is 'L'Esca' of Ottorino Novi, also a young man. This book, like the preceding, is, notwithstanding its rivulet of action coursing through broad meadows of verbiage (description and analysis), perfectly readable. Its worst defect is a note of romantic exaggeration that is repeated from beginning to end. With 'L'Esca' one should not fail to read 'L'Anello' of Ugo Fleres, which, by an odd fatality, is occupied with the same subject, by no means a common one. In each a man of mediocre abilities, through the death of a friend of unrecognized genius, is left with an opera in his hands. This he gets represented as his own (in neither case quite intentionally), and gains sudden fame and consequent chastisement. Notwithstanding thus much of identity, the two novels are very different one from another, and both can be read with interest.

The besetting difficulty of these psychological novels is, naturally, that the life of the characters gets lost under the accumulated mass of descriptive touches. You have an encyclopædic knowledge of the personages, but they remain for all that little better than mere abstractions. This is perhaps less the case with the 'Anello' than with the other two books, but, even after that, it is refreshing to take up a volume by one of the older and well-known writers, Luigi Capuana, and live for awhile in an atmosphere of clearness and brightness. In the 'Nuove "Paesane,"' a collection of stories of men and women in a small Sicilian town, it is wonderful what vivacity and relief is given to the figures by the light touch and abundant humor of the author. The work of Sig. Capuana has not always been so much to my taste, but such stories as these, and those in a former volume also entitled 'Paesane,' more than atone for such grewsome feats as his two principal novels, 'Giacinta' and 'La Sfinge.'

And at the last moment, since I began writing these lines, has come into my hands 'La Bufera' of Edoardo Calandra, a story of Piedmontese life at the end of the eighteenth century, but so fresh, so true, so living that it has nothing of the air of an historical novel. We all know in our weariness those studio models, dressed in the costumes of another age, and posturing in something like what Alice would have called "Anglo-Saxon attitudes." Sig. Calandra's story of this particular sequel of the French Revolution seems recounted by one of the actors. The success is such that I have no hesitation not only in assigning it a place at the head of the year's production, but in ranking it high among contemporary Italian novels.

And while we are engaged with such good things as 'La Bufera' and the *novelle* of Sig. Capuana, it is well to mention a story, 'Le Tentazioni,' by Grazia Deledda, which appeared in the last number for the year of the *Nuova Antologia*. If one may judge from her name, the author would seem to be a Sardinian, and she paints the world in which she lives with an almost classical breadth and simplicity of touch. 'Le Tentazioni' is said to be the first of a series of nine stories, all having their scene laid in Sardinia. With the author's pleasant manner of narration and the advantage of a field well-nigh unexplored, it will be strange if the series be not rich in entertainment for us.

The stories of Lieutenant A. Olivieri Sangiacomo bear the martial stamp. Written somewhat *alla buona*, and of an intellectual order that does not exclude the commonplace, they are still very interesting when they are concerned with the soldier's life in the barracks and in the world outside. The soldier is a good fellow, who loves amusement and good cheer, and gets a fair share of both in the face of untoward circumstances; his affairs of the heart are mostly of an irregular order. The Italian officer of to-day is a less noisy if not more exemplary person than his Irish colleague of fifty years ago, and offers perhaps a less brilliant figure for light literature, but he is not bad company, for all that, and his acquaintance is worth making. Some earlier performances of Sig. Sangiacomo show that he does well to stick to the regiment; in the volume of last year, 'La Vita nell' Esercito,' the chapters devoted to a mere description of soldierly ways and doings are far more interesting than the prepared stories. Hitherto the Lieutenant has given us booklets in size, but he has recently come out with an imposing novel of 559 pages, entitled 'Il 101° Fanteria.'

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The story of the 101st of the Line is the best thing he has yet done.

Angiolo Silvio Novaro, already author of several volumes, published last year a new edition of a former tale, 'Il Libro della Pietà,' which in its simplicity seems so like a bit of autobiography that it might well deceive even an old novel-reader into thinking it one. Towards the end, however, little evidences of arrangement reveal it as fiction.

In all these novels, excepting the martial ones of Sangiacomo—where, however, the not infrequent dalliance with Venus is so much a thing by the way, a thing inherent in garrison life, that you pass it over as inevitable and therefore to be borne with—there is a cheering absence of insistence on the relations of the heroine with a man who is not, and never can be, her husband. Hence a variety of themes (there are ten commandments, and only one of them is the seventh) that goes far to lighten the task of the reader. Fancy having to wade through consecutively a score of French novels of a certain period and a certain school! It was much experience of such things that led me, when I found in the preface of 'Gente di Chiesa,' by Carlo Del Balzo, that he warns the reader not to mistake the writer's purpose, which is highly moral, to brace myself to the perusal. Of course I was introduced to a world that needed a good deal of scourging. One cannot say that such a world does not exist—indeed, the component parts of it may all be allowed; it is only, as in *pot-bouille*, upon the combination of them upon one scene that one throws doubt. The book belongs to a series of studies of contemporary manners called 'I Deviati.' Granting the point of view of these studies, the purpose to depict the sheep which have gone astray, the present showing is far from uninteresting. I would gladly say as much for 'La Verginità' of Enrico Corradini, exclusively occupied as it is with infractions of that most abused of commandments, but differing from many of its sort in that the author's purpose is not so much to inculcate a lofty morality as to produce a work of art. The gain in amusement is not perceptible.

S. K.

Correspondence.

"YOU-UNS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 8 Miss Earle asks:

"Where do the two expressions come from? 'You-uns,' as I have already said, is heard among people of pure English descent who use many archaic expressions dating back to Shakspere and the earlier English writers; but has any one ever seen 'you-uns' in early English?"

An example of its literary use, as I have pointed out elsewhere, may be seen in an early English classic, Tyndale's Translation of the New Testament (1526), Matt. III., 9: "And se that *ye ons* thinke not to say in yourselves, We have Abraham to oure father" (Bosworth and Waring).

A lady who lived several years in Lancaster County, Va., tells me that "we-dem" and "you-dem" are very common expressions among the people there, but that the better educated, who affect to be more "proper," say, "we-them" and "you-them."

I am familiar with the language of the people in southeast Virginia, where I was born and reared, but I never heard in my life "we-uns" and "you-uns" there or in any other part of the State; nor have I ever heard "you-all" used with reference to one person.

Edward A. Allen.

University of Missouri, June 12, 1899.

"YOUSE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Akin to the use of "you-all" and "you-uns" discussed in your columns is the use in northern New Hampshire, by native New Englanders, of "youse" in the sense of yours. I have observed this more commonly in the country than in the villages, from sturdy, substantial, though not educated, farmers. I have also heard it used in the plural, as "I am glad yous are here."

G.

Chicago.

"DONE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The interesting correspondence in the *Nation* concerning the use of "you-all" and "you-uns," emboldens me to call attention to the use of another form of the Afro-English tongue, occasionally found in dialect stories. I refer to the word "done." I have sometimes seen the expression, "I's gwine done," meaning "I am going to do," whereas, in real life, I believe, the negro never uses the word "done" except to express completed action. One frequently hears "I's done did it," and "I's done done it," but, during a residence of many years in Louisiana, I have never heard "I's gwine done do it."

Possibly the usage may vary in different localities, but such unfamiliar forms inspire one with the feeling once expressed, in my hearing, by a person who said, "I don't like dialect stories, because I'm always afraid the writer is 'playing it low' on me."

Very respectfully yours,

Clara Boise Bush.

New Orleans, June 13, 1899.

Notes.

A well-printed volume by William Scott, entitled 'Rock Villages of the Riviera' (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan), is an account of a number of villages in the mountain valleys back of Bordighera. Compared with the French Riviera, the Italian is but scantily represented in literature, and any contribution towards supplying a need is welcome. The obvious criticism to be made on the present book, which is pleasantly written and prettily illustrated with reproductions of sketches by the author, is that, in the great number of similar villages scattered along the Riviera, a wider choice, and more of history than is to be found in the municipal records of expenses, would give far greater value to the work. As the author himself sees how much he has left undone, he may yet publish the result of further researches. Would it be vain to wish that he may furnish for this coast a companion book to Lenthéric's 'Provence Maritime'?

A very elaborate study of 'Local Variations in Wages,' in England, has been made by Mr. F. W. Lawrence, and is published by Longmans, Green & Co. in the series issued by the London School of Economics and Political Science. The investigation undertaken was confined to certain parts of England and Wales, and limited to industries in which the time-work system prevails. From the figures procured, however, only the meagrest generalizations are attainable. We find that wages are higher in large towns, where industries are active and diversified, than in small and decaying communities. We see that when a high rate of wages prevails in one trade in a certain town, a high rate prevails in the other trades in that town. We observe that where wages are high, house rents are high; that common laborers' wages vary like those of artisans; that there is much difference between the rate of wages in the east of England and that in the north. These conclusions are not new: Adam Smith stated them a century ago, and his explanations of the phenomena are still satisfactory. Mr. Lawrence's industry is certainly commendable, and the figures that he has collected may be of service to those interested in economic speculations; but, for the practical purposes of the statesman, his labors will hardly be of much value.

Among recent publications relating to international law, the second edition of a valuable official manual issued from the Government Printing-Office should not be overlooked. It is described as a Manual "based upon lectures delivered at the Naval War College by Freeman Snow," and is "prepared and arranged for publication, by the direction of the Navy Department," by Commander C. H. Stockton. A course of lectures by Dr. Snow had been arranged for and partly delivered in 1894, but was brought to an end by the unexpected death of the lecturer before the termination of the course. With the aid of the manuscript and notes left by Dr. Snow, Commander Stockton prepared the present manual, the first edition of which was rapidly exhausted. It is arranged by subjects, the original divisions by lectures having been abandoned. The three parts come under the familiar heads of Peace, War, Belligerency and Neutrality. The book is designed mainly as a hand-book for naval officers in the discharge of their duties, and for this purpose is extremely well adapted. It also contains so much discussion as is necessary of the general principles of international law. It is a standard work, of the highest authority, and a model of compactness.

Since the decision by the Supreme Court at Washington of the railroad "anti-Trust" cases, the commerce clause of the Federal Constitution has attracted more and more the attention of legal writers. It has been made the subject of an elaborate treatise by E. Parmalee Prentice and John G. Egan (Chicago: Callaghan & Co.), in which the recent decisions are carefully reviewed. If the authors have not been enabled to reach any satisfactory conclusions as to the principles of law formulated by our highest tribunal, the fault must not be laid at their door. They say—and we have said the same thing ourselves—that "if the statement of the doctrine given by the courts be accepted literally, and every contract which in any degree restricts interstate commerce be illegal, it would seem that the formation of partnerships or corporations would be forbidden"; and they add, "As a practical matter no such application of the statute is possible."

The authorship of the 'Text-book of Anatomy by American Authors' (Lea Brothers

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& Co.) represents the anatomical departments of six medical colleges. The bones and veins are treated by Woolsey (Cornell); the nerves, eye, nose, and skin by Keiller (Texas); embryology by McMurrich (Michigan); the arteries by Bevan (Rush, affiliated with the University of Chicago); the reproductive organs by Stewart (University and Bellevue); while Gerrish (Medical School of Maine) has edited the whole and contributed the remaining articles, viz., elementary tissues, muscles, heart, lymphatics, central nervous system, tongue, organs of digestion and respiration, urinary system, ductless glands, regional anatomy and practical anatomy; likewise, a twenty-page "Introduction," which, in substance and style, merits independent publication. The book is not so much for the investigator as for the student and practitioner; they will find what they want stated clearly and accurately, and illuminated by figures unusual in number and quality, many of them colored. The nomenclature is remarkably consistent, and exemplifies the current tendency towards simplification. In short, the veteran anatomists who hailed the first edition of "Gray" as students forty years ago, can best appreciate the welcome their pupils of to-day will give to "Gerrish."

The fourth volume of the 'Geschiedenis van het Nederlandsche Volk' (History of the Netherlands People), by Prof. P. J. Blok of Leyden, from the press of J. B. Wolters of Groningin, is to hand. As an English translation is in progress, we need make no further mention of the Dutch text, except to state that the years covered in this volume are those of the Great Truce, between the Netherlands and Spain, from 1609 to 1619, and also the time of Prince Frederick Henry, closing with the Peace of Münster and the end of the Eighty Years' War in 1648. Besides text and notes, are the usual excellent map, index, and appended chapter on the sources of Dutch history. The time of the Great Truce is one worthy of the examination of the student of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England and of all students of federal government. The cool and luminous treatment by Prof. Blok of the duel between Maurice and Barneveldt, and the real questions at issue between the Remonstrants and Contra-Remonstrants, contrasts strongly with the heat and partisanship of Motley. The time of Prince Henry was that of "our golden lion," as the Dutch say. Besides other interesting features, we have much light thrown on the beginnings of Dutch enterprise in the Far East and the later expansion of Holland's commerce. Prof. Blok does not forget to notice the energy and goodness of the women of the House of Orange, especially of Amalia von Solms, whose memorial to her husband is that House in the Woods in which, to-day, representatives of many nations are meeting in the spirit of that stadholder, Frederick Henry, whose ambitions were almost wholly peaceful.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ proposes to secure annual subscriptions from its members and friends to the amount of $5,000, which sum is to be devoted to the "systematic collection and serviceable arrangement" of various kinds of information in regard to educational matters, especially such as bear upon the immediate interests of college women. Among the ways in which it is designed to use this fund are the preparation of lists of fellowships and scholarships open to women, a continuation of the study of the health of woman college graduates, the keeping up to date of the bibliography of the higher education of woman already published, and others which naturally group themselves about these. There are two topics which, it would seem, should be of special interest in this connection: the scientific and literary work actually accomplished by the college graduate, and the disappointing character of the remuneration received by her as a teacher.

Much space is well and deservedly devoted, in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June, to President Eliot, on occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of his incumbency—the longest but one in the history of the University. It appears, from a reprinted article by the late Judge Richardson, that Mr. Eliot, while still teaching at Harvard, was tempted with an offer to become superintendent of the mills of the Merrimack Manufacturing Co. He wisely declined, in favor, as fate would have it, of a chance to preside over what Lowell called "the Muses' factories" of his alma mater. Next in interest is the sketch of the life of the late Edward Austin, one of Harvard's most liberal recent benefactors, though himself not a graduate nor a college man. Mr. Austin's portrait accompanies the account of him. Noticeable is the scheme for retiring and pensioning instructors to go into effect on September 1; and so is the action of the Board of Overseers recommending that history be not dropped as one of the requirements for admission. The present month witnesses the publication of the first number of the *Radcliffe Magazine*, founded primarily "to publish the best written work" of actual and former students, so far as discoverable. It will be a quarterly.

In the *American Journal of Archæology* for November-December, 1898, one observes in the report of Prof. Clement L. Smith, Director of the American School in Rome, how the world moves. The women were an obstacle to obtaining permits to the Vatican and Lateran museums for the students of the School, but the hesitation of the pontifical authorities was overcome "through the good offices of Monsignor O'Connell, Rector of the American College." However, the women, by exception, were at first cut off from the Galleria Lapidaria on certain days when it regularly becomes a thoroughfare to the Borgia rooms; but this restriction quickly disappeared. The Germans first tested the question of the admissibility of women to the Vatican Library for the collating of manuscripts, a settlement being reached by placing these students in a large and less convenient ante-room.

Close upon the appearance of the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester in October, 1898, in which Dr. Edward Everett Hale reports upon the approaching publication of the late Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull's dictionaries of the language of the Massachusetts Indians, comes a reissue of Montague Chamberlain's 'Maliseet Vocabulary' (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard Co-operative Society), with an introduction by Prof. Ganong of Smith College. The Maliseets, to be sure, were not strictly a Massachusetts tribe even in the larger sense that embraced Maine; but they were akin to Passamaquoddies, Penobscots, and Kennebecs. From the Micmacs to the east of their habitat, the St. John River valley, they were separated by linguistic differences, and in fact owe to them their derisive name of Maliseets (Stammerers, Broken-Speech). This name includes a liquid *l* which, with *r*, is unused by them, though they have sometimes been called also Marasheets. They still exist and are slightly increasing in numbers, but mixture with the Acadians has destroyed their purity of blood. Mr. Chamberlain's vocabulary, one of three extant, is very interesting, especially for the section of place names, and that of words adopted from contact with the whites. As, in Revolutionary days, Americans were in France called Bostonians, so the Maliseets made Pas-tan'-ki, United States, Pas-ta'-ni, an American, from Pas'-tan, Boston.

In the article "Les Paysans aux Salons de 1899" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 15, M. de La Sizeranne, after speaking discriminatingly of the peasants of Millet, Jules Breton, and Lhermitte, indulges in a digression to show that the peasant is a fit subject for the painter's brush rather than the novelist's pen. The best French writers have either lent to their peasants traits of sentimental idealism, or represented them under the aspect of a grotesque and vulgar realism. Not so those artists of the brush who have devoted themselves to the study of rural life. Love of woman is the *Leitmotiv* of the French novel, but the French peasant's great passion is the "passion of the soil"; the novel thrives on adventure, while no life is more monotonous than the peasant's, partaking as it does of the immovability, the unchangeableness of the picture. The novelist, to convince us of the charms of his shepherdess, makes her speak in "fine grammatical phrases with plenty of subjunctives, while the painter needs but a ray of sunshine." In short, it is the limitation of the two arts of poetry and painting which, in the case of peasant life, favors the pictorial artist: "The poet's means of expression is a *succession* of images, the painter's, their *simultaneousness*." These words, quoted from Delacroix, are really to be traced to Lessing, and we doubt not that the author of the Essay on the Laocoön would gladly have admitted M. de La Sizeranne's remarks among his own illustrations of that thesis.

The discontinuance of the Woman's Medical College in this city marks an important moment in the progress of civilization. In 1847 the first woman, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, was admitted to a medical school; in 1857 she, with her sister, Emily, and Dr. Zackrzewska, a young Polish lady, whose talent as a teacher of midwifery in Berlin had led to her coming to this country to study medicine, opened a medical school for women; that is, they rented a house, No. 64 Bleecker Street, and fitted it up as a hospital "where both patients and young assistant physicians could be received." Less than fifty years later the opposition to women studying medicine in the same colleges with men has been so completely overcome, and the Johns Hopkins Medical School and that of Cornell offer such admirable instruction, that there is no longer occasion to provide separate opportunities for women. So hard a struggle as this was in the beginning has seldom met with such rapid and such complete success.

A notable publication of the Boston Public Library is 'A Selected Bibliography of the Anthropology and Ethnology of Europe,' by Prof. William Z. Ripley, whose 'Races of Europe' is the consummation of researches leading up to the Bibliography. The list is broader than its title implies, for Western Asia and Northern Africa have been in-

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cluded, along with the Finns and Mongols of the Russian Empire; and while it reveals the richness of the Boston Library in this literature, it is not confined to that collection. The arrangement is by authors, and under each his works are displayed chronologically, with obvious convenience of reference and of criterion. Prof. Ripley's index is partly analytic, and gives such help as, under Greece, against the several authors' names, the leading topic—anthropology, color, crania, language, archæology, Pelasgians, Tyrrhenians.

Attention should be drawn to the topographic maps of New York and New England which the United States Geological Survey at Washington places within everybody's reach. Upwards of 70 of New York and 134 of New England (the three Southern States complete) have been issued, each an atlas-sheet 16½x20 inches, covering one-sixteenth of a "square degree," or about 220 square miles, and designated from the principal town or other features. The hill features are shown by contour lines. The cost per sheet is five cents, or (in quantity of 100 or upwards) two cents. A revised map of New York and vicinity is also ready, costing fifty cents. The price should be sent to the Director in exact cash or by postal order. A map index to the completed sheets will be furnished on application.

—Mr. Augustus Peabody Loring of the Boston bar is the author of a 'Trustee's Handbook,' published in convenient form by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. In two hundred pages he has stated, simply and concisely, the rules which govern the management of trust estates, and the relationship existing between the trustee and beneficiary. The arrangement of the book is somewhat peculiar, Part I. being devoted to "The Trustee as an Individual," and Part II. to "The Individual as Trustee," Part III. to "The Beneficiary," and Part IV. to "Interstate Law"; but wherever we have examined it, we have found it full of valuable and condensed information, such as a trustee needs to have within easy reach. Trusts are and always have been one of the most difficult branches of the law, and there is no sign of their becoming simpler as time goes on. Yet, curiously enough, the compensation of trustees seems to be gradually becoming smaller and smaller, partly through statutory rules and partly through the competition of corporations, such as trust companies, which can afford to discharge the duties of trusts at a much lower rate than individuals can. Perhaps in time we shall find out that the best rule for family trusts is the old English one—that trustees should be paid nothing at all. The effect of this is that family trusts are taken care of by the immediate relatives of the beneficiary for love and affection, and that only attorneys, men of business, agents, and brokers are paid fees and commissions. The great advantage of this system, where it is practicable, is that unnecessary expenses are saved, and our practice of screwing down trustees to the lowest market rate avoided. Trustees who take charge of a trust from some disinterested motive are usually far better than trustees who undertake it at the lowest living wage.

—The dawn of the sociological era in Christian missions has been welcomed by many who are not friends of the propaganda of the Christian (or, indeed, of any) faith in its merely dogmatic form. Probably the most important literary monument in proof of this change of trend, both in the propagandists and in the active supporters of them, is seen in Dr. James S. Dennis's book, 'Christian Missions and Social Progress,' of which the second volume is now out (Fleming H. Revell Co.). With the usual reinforcement and illumination of the text by abundant reproduction of photographs, the proofs of social improvements under alien assistance and industrial stimulus seem very real. Another volume is to deal with statistics of every sort. Dr. Dennis treats in volume ii. of that which is the first task of missions—the creation of a new type of personal character, and the inspiration of the individual for the benefit of the mass, as the true genesis of the social conscience. He shows also the work of Christian missionaries in the making of a new public opinion, the promotion of education and the intellectual life of non-Christian races, and in awakening not only the philanthropic spirit, but new national aspirations and higher conceptions of government. He treats of temperance reform, deliverance from the opium habit and other forms of slavery to drugs, and with such themes as gambling, personal purity, self-mutilation, the arrest of pessimistic and suicidal tendencies, and the cultivation of habits of industry and frugality. He deals strongly and clearly with reforms affecting family life, the abolition of slavery, cannibalism, human sacrifices, ordeals, foot-binding, and the mitigation of the brutalities of war. A careful examination of this volume reveals few if any signs of haste, while the method, arrangement, and abundant notes and references keep it fully up to the standard set in the first. Yet, even with the prospectus of the third volume before us, there is one important omission. From observation in the mission field and after long reflection, we are persuaded that one of the very best of the good things which Christian missions can and ought to do is to stimulate the native or ethnic religions—often intellectually stagnant or indurated in priestcraft—to philanthropic activity. In Turkey, Japan, and India this has been done, in calling for deeper intellectual apprehension and clearer statement, with purging and rejection of hurtful or offensive features, and the creation or development of active charity and benevolence. These excellent fruits are visible, and are worthy of treatment in a work devoted to social progress through the improvement of men's nobler powers. Unless all signs fail, the old religions must work with the newer one in the bettering of the world; while traditional Christianity, overladen with European and mediæval accretions, must itself revert wholesomely to the standard set by the Founder.

—'Odysseus als Afrikaumsegler und Amerikaentdecker' (Leipzig: Kock) a seventy-page pamphlet with plates and map, is a recent addition to the literature of the Homeric poems. The author, who writes under the name of "Eumaios der göttliche Sauhirt und exacte Altertumsforscher," complains that the accepted idea of the wisdom and resourcefulness of Ulysses precludes the possibility of thinking that that hero wandered for ten years in a sea so small as the Mediterranean. He accordingly strikes out a new course, which takes the much-wandering man through the straits of Gibraltar and thence along Africa to the Lotus-eaters in Gambia, to the Cyclopes, whose dwelling-place he puts by the Bight of Biafra, to the Laestrygons in Patagonia, "where some inventive Yankee may yet raise his sunken fleet." The Isle of Circe he identifies with the Cape of Good Hope. Hence, along Trinacria, which must be Madagascar, to the land of the Phæacians, which is no other than Aden, through the Red Sea, he makes his way home to Ithaca, which lies in Sicily. Each place the author identifies by a comparison of Homer's description and that of some modern writer, usually Ratzel or Darwin. His etymologies of place-names in support of his theory are not unlike some others that are met with in soberer works of learning. The travesty upon the methods of certain scholarly investigators is evident, and falls in with other examples of theoretical works on Homer. Some, as we know, have found in the poems an allegory of the fall of Jericho, while others have made Homer identical with Solomon simply by reading the letters ΟΜΗΡΟΣ from right to left. Even the carved sarcophagus of Homer was found about 1770 in the island Ios and carried to St. Petersburg. Le Chevalier is at once called to mind by this work of "Eumaios." In 1829 this French scholar, under the name Constantine Koliades, brought out his 'Ulysses-Homer,' in which he identified the localities of the poems, and argued that Ulysses and Homer were one and the same, the husband of Penelope. It also proposed the erection of a monument at Ithaca, with the inscription, ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ . ΟΜ . ΗΡΟΣ, *to be interpreted as* "Odysseus, Hero and likewise Poet." This book created great excitement among scholars at the time, and was vigorously refuted by Latronne in the *Journal des Savants*, evidently so much to the author's gratification that he at once, in 1832, published a supplement, which Latronne again attempted to refute. So one Kephala, pretending to be a sailor, published in Constantinople about 1830 a book of more than 200 pages, aiming to show that Homer's fatherland was Ithaca. Samuel Butler's argument (London, 1897) that Nausicaa was the author of the 'Odyssey' might also be mentioned. As "Eumaios" well says: "There is a point in the investigation of the past where theories become merely a question of taste."

—The *Frankfurter-Zeitung* recently published some interesting facts regarding the extent to which the anti-German tendencies prevailing in dominant political circles are working to the serious detriment of the Austrian universities. There had been all along an exchange and interchange of teaching forces between the German faculties of these universities and those of Germany, but ever since the ministry of Count Taaffe the Austrian authorities have frowned on this custom, and have tried to keep German professors out of Austria. Thus, when the Vienna faculty lately proposed the names of three Germans as candidates for the professorship of German law, after the only really worthy representative of this department to be found in all Austria had declined, the Minister of Education rejected all three, and, without further consultation with the faculty, appointed to this position the Roman Catholic Baron Schwind of Innsbruck, generally regarded as unworthy of a chair in the university of the capital of the Empire, but who is the special favorite of the clerical Leo Society. Some years ago the authorities began to withhold a certain amount of the lecture fees from the professors, in order to use the fund thus collected as a means of

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securing the services of specially brilliant men from Germany, but the Finance Minister now emphatically vetoes the use of the money for such a purpose, and the University is accordingly impotent. On the other hand, the Government is exerting a pressure on the Germans already in the Austrian faculties and showing its willingness to have them go. Not long ago the famous philologian Marx received a call to the University of Leipzig, and, in accordance with an old academic custom, desired to lay this invitation before the Minister for final decision. The latter, however, flatly refused to receive him in this matter, and as the Saxon Minister had in person gone to Vienna to see Prof. Marx, the latter at once decided to go to Leipzig. Shortly afterwards the professor of Roman law in Vienna, Dr. Mitteis, also received a call to Leipzig, and, having learned wisdom by the experience of his colleague, at once, and without consulting the Austrian authorities, accepted. The Germans, on the other hand, have not been slow to see which way the wind is blowing in the university government of Austria, and, if called, simply refuse to accept. In this way Prof. Crusius of Heidelberg promptly declined the call to the chair made vacant by the departure of Prof. Marx. The *Beilage* of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich, while giving a slightly but not materially different report of the Mitteis affair, draws attention to a number of other cases in which Germans in Austrian university faculties have been practically driven from their positions.

—In the Shaksperian progress at Smith College the "senior dramatics" last week embraced "A Winter's Tale," for the first time. The merits and the shortcomings of the performance did not differ materially from those observable in former years, and to some extent inseparable from the work of amateurs. As usual, the female parts were better done than the male, and those of *Hermione* and *Perdita* are so lovely in themselves that, when adequately presented, as they were with slight exception in this case, they atoned for all deficiencies, and made the total impression most pleasurable. It was once more demonstrated that native breeding and refinement such as we expect to find in women's colleges, may challenge comparison on the stage with the art of professional actors. This was manifest especially in the scene of *Hermione's* yielding to the order for her arrest and sequestration, with its pathetic tableaux. Bodily grace and charm, again, had their customary triumph in the pastoral drama of which *Perdita* was the delightful central figure. Comedy took second place with a clever *Autolycus*, and this too we are used to look for. It would be idle to weigh this representation against the "Much Ado About Nothing" of last year, or "The Merchant of Venice," or "A Midsummer Night's Dream." There will, we trust, be repetitions hereafter (as the list of available plays comes to an end), before the tradition of past successes fades, and while it is possible to improve upon the memory of them. It is enough, with each new effort, to answer affirmatively and emphatically the question, Was it worth while?—as they must who witnessed the latest "senior dramatics."

RECENT ENGLISH POETRY.

A sad doom of incompleteness and insufficiency appears to haunt the English poets of to-day. It has left nothing of Oscar Wilde's early promise but a hideous jail scene, it has turned Thomas Hardy's cheery Wessex life into a gloomy hymn, and it has perhaps reached its culmination in Watson's 'Collected Poems' (Lane). This book is, unlike that called 'Poems' (Macmillan, 1893), a deliberately collected reprint of what the author wishes to keep before the public. He has excluded, wisely enough, the whole of the 'Prince's Quest' and 'The Eloping Angels,' and most of his 'Epigrams'; and has included most of the contents of his later volumes except the 'Year of Shame,' here represented, strangely, by what he calls "a small selection"—namely, nine poems, and these by no means the strongest, out of the original twenty-six. He also gives but about half of the "Sonnets" published in 1885 under the title of 'Ver Tenebrosum,' and of these he says guardedly "that they need not be taken as in each case accurately reflecting his present opinions upon events of that year, but are retained for the sake of such purely literary interest for certain of his readers." It is needless, after this, for him to add that he "can lay claim to no obstinate consistency of view" (p. viii). His readers will require no further evidence of this disavowal. If any English poet since Southey has more distinctly struck the flag of early independence it is Mr. William Watson; and when we consider the ordinary mediocrity of his verse, and that his temporary attitude of political protest was all on which his prestige really rested, there seems no reason why he should not take rank henceforth by the side of Mr. Alfred Austin, and even succeed him in office.

This short "Prelude" perhaps writes his epitaph better than any one else could have phrased it (p. 55):

The mighty poets from their flowing store
Dispense like casual alms the careless ore;
Through throngs of men their lonely way they go,
Let fall their costly thoughts, nor seem to know.—
Not mine the rich and showering hand, that strews
The facile largess of a stintless Muse.
A fitful presence, seldom tarrying long,
Capriciously she touches me to song—
Then leaves me to lament her flight in vain,
And wonder will she ever come again.

The volume is fitly enough dedicated to Lord Rosebery, who among English statesmen comes nearest to what Mr. Watson has at last proved himself to be in literature, a voice without a hand.

The book attributed to Oscar Wilde, as already mentioned, 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol,' by C.3.3. (Tucker), is so essentially powerful that it bids fair to secure a distressing immortality. Next to it, or beyond it, in haunting and tragic painfulness is "Saint Sebastian," in Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'Wessex Poems, and Other Verses' (Harper's). The poem addressed to a lady offended by the writings of the author (p. 161) will have a special interest for his admirers as showing him not unconscious of criticism. Nothing weak could ever come from Mr. Hardy, but it is needless to say that the book needs a glossary for such words as *barton, churchhay, coll, eweleaze, knap, lumpered, lynchets, tallet, tardle, thirtover*, and the like. The rough drawings will have fascination for many, and the closing poem may possibly let us farther into the author's heart than anything else in the book:

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

Few bibliographers have ever demonstrated so thoroughly that a preface may be better than a book, as this has been done by Mr. Richard Garnett (lately of the British Museum) in the case of Shelley's juvenile volume, 'Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire.' This book, first published in 1810, was vainly looked for during thirty-eight years until brought to light by Mr. John Lane, who possesses the only known copy of the original and now issues a reprint of it. The poems by "Cazire" were probably by Elizabeth Shelley. The verses at the worst are better than those to be found in Shelley's early novels. The poems addressed to Harriet Grove certainly confirm the impression that he really loved her—a fact which has been doubted by some biographers. "The Irishman's Song" shows that Shelley's liberal opinions set in early; and the editor's summing up may on the whole be considered reasonable, as follows: "It [the volume] is therefore of considerable interest apart from the romantic history which constitutes its chief claim to celebrity, and the rarity which gives it a unique place among Shelley's extant writings. Fervently as we hoped that a copy might one day be found, we must now hope with equal fervor that no one will ever find another." (P. 25.)

In any group of new English poetry one naturally turns first to any volume bearing the name of William B. Yeats, and the only disappointment in 'The Wind Among the Reeds' (Lane) is, first, that it is a very small book, secondly, that some of the poems have been previously printed, and thirdly, that nearly half of it is in prose notes. Yet these last, it must be said, are so fascinating and so impregnated with Celtic visions that it is really hard to tell where the verse ends and the prose begins. Irish tradition is full of the spirits of the air, who journey in winds which set the leaves whirling on the road and make the country people bless themselves. The very mention of these will recall the author's previously published poems, "The Host of the Air" and "The Dream of O'Driscoll" beside the drear Hart Lake; but he tells his prose legends also so much like a poet, and so little like a folk-lorist, that one hardly misses the rhyme; while in his verses the lovers woo so romantically that, while they wish for the cloths of heaven to place beneath the feet of their darlings, they are ready to substitute their own dreams—and their dreams are just as good (p. 60).

AEDH WISHES FOR THE CLOTHS OF HEAVEN.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

The 'Poems' of A. Bernard Miall are not unfamiliar to the readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and once at least the author has shown vivid descriptive power, and reproduces, perhaps for the first time in literature, one of the most marked and peculiar sounds to be heard through the heat of summer (p. 124):

THE CIRCULAR SAW.

Because the high, long, dreary London wall
Vexed us, when we came to the open gate
Idly we turned aside, and suddenly stopped,

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With eyes enchanted, with voices ready to call
One to the other for wonder: "Wait, O wait!"
Deep in a covered alley the hot sun dropped,
Slant, fierce, and mellow, between high stacks
Of yellow timber sweet: an alley where
Brown-muscled men bore upon balks of pine,
Urging them on to the saw, where they severed like wax,
With a rising muffled scream, a triumphant blare,
Thrilling the throat and the bosom; and rich as a wine
The scent of the spouting sawdust invaded the place,
The soul of the magical forest, resinous, sweet,
Subtly invaded the desolate, sordid street.
But O, the wonder! for all the overshadowed space
Was thick with the floating dust, a haze there grew,
A haze green-golden, full of the fire of the sun;
From a fountain of creamy fire that o'erbrimmed it with gold
It gushed, in a lift of eddies, so shot through
With the further gloom that shadow and light in one,
Like the ghost of a glorious opal famous of old,
Like the deeps of a flickering ocean of sombre green,
Curled and eddied, melted and licked and lapped,
Enwrapping the phantom workers, their faces bright
In the liquid light so marvellously entrapped,
In the odorous whirling water imprisoned between
The resinous piles, a hive of fantastic light,
Dancing within itself and over the ground,
While ever the screaming, rending, blaring saw spun round.

'The Silence of Love,' by Edmond Holmes (Lane), is the perhaps inappropriate title of a volume containing fifty sonnets on the subject indicated. They are in the Shaksperian form, to which the later English sonnetteers seem reverting, since Rossetti left us—a tendency which we regret, especially where they are, as here, to be grouped in large numbers within a single volume. In this collection however, there is much deep feeling and some fine analysis of emotion, as in the following (iv.):

"I may not love thee." "May not!" but I do:
This is my title to the crown of love,—
A title which each heart-beat doth renew,—
A title ancient as the stars above.
"I may not love thee." "May not!" but I must:
When Nature's mightiest forces are at play,
The ship, o'ermastered by the whirling gust,
Forgets its course and wanders far astray.
"I may not love thee." "May not!" but I will:
My soul leaves thine and glories in love's name—
Itself its arbiter of good and ill—
Itself the well-spring of its ardent flame.
I may not love thee, my Beloved! but still
Love thee I do, I must, I ever will.

The sententious and serious mood of Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts shows itself anew in 'The Alhambra, and Other Poems' (Lane), but the want of the fluid and lyrical element continues to make itself felt. The nearest approach to this musical abandonment is to be found in the closing verses, in which the final words of Goethe's "Faust" are once more interpreted (p. 76):

Follow the Woman Spirit! Onward and onward soar,
Far from the chasing Demons! Hark to their baffled roar!
Follow the Woman Spirit, through the noxious night,
Follow her, like the swallow, seeking for love and light!

Let not the World entice thee! Push all its hands aside!
Let this alone suffice thee; follow thy destined bride!
There is none other guidance, there is none other goal;
Follow her still-receding, heavenly-leading Soul!

Foulness and Folly pursue thee; fiercer than either, Fame!
Envy, Hatred, and Malice—this is thy triple name!
Flee, flee away for ever. Thorough the noxious night,
Follow the Woman Spirit, seeking for Love and Light!

The tendency of young English poets, as of novelists, to put their work into a dramatic form is doubtless mainly due to the vastly greater profit of the stage. As Mr. Caine can easily set aside all literary criticisms upon 'The Christian' in view of the flattering returns of the box-office, so Mr. John Davidson needs to care little for other opinions on his 'Godfrida' (Lane) provided he can bring down the house by such a climax as this (p. 121):

Siward. Not in this region was my conqueror born.
[*He drives* ISEMBERT *towards the window.*]
Isembert. Now! For Godfrida! Now! Help me, my heart!
[*He is driven over the window mortally wounded, the word* "heart" *being prolonged into a despairing shriek.* SIWARD *crosses quickly to the right and listens intently.* GODFRIDA *looks fearfully over the window, and then runs to* SIWARD.]

Mr. Davidson states in a prologue that his primary object in writing this play was "to give delight"; but his success in this direction seems doubtful.

A far more interesting transfer of poetic energies in the direction of the drama is to be found in 'Pan and the Young Shepherd,' by Maurice Hewlett (Lane). Mr. Hewlett was previously known as a pleasing semi-pastoral poet, with a touch of George Darley about him; we now have him transposed into a writer of poetic drama with all the names Greek or Latin, half the characters creatures of the air and the other half of the raciest mould of modern English peasant. How he justified the combination to his conscience is his affair, and if he is a conscious and deliberate imitator of Mr. Hardy, it detracts from his merit; but certainly no one except Hardy has given such a Shaksperian flavor to his rustics. Here, for instance, is the autobiography of Geron, sheep-farmer of eighty, laying down the rules of life to his grandson (p. 3):

"See here: I've made my own beer since I could drink it; paid the size; size o' bread and ale; multure o' mill; hearthstead on the Stinted Ground—that's solid, boy! That's the free Commoner of Champney Valtort; that's the respected man. Eight times Reeve; Pinder for life! Churchwarden, moreover, with a clear mind till the parson ups and bids me turn to God. Turn to God! says I, 'tis for Him to turn to me, as the Testament doth prove; and I never went near his church from Hocktide unto Candlemas. That learned him, likely; and no judgment yet for all my eighty years. No, no, cleave to the sheep, boy, and the sheep will cleave to you. . . . And when your day comes, as come mine must, take to your bed, boy, and face the wall like a stolid Christian man."

The point where Mr. Hewlett goes beyond Mr. Hardy is in painting the cowherdess of corresponding vigor, Merla, who thus draws her own portrait when in love (p. 50):

"I love him, shadow him, think day and night upon him. Do I do a wrong, Mistress Balkis, in speaking of this? I am lusty as a steer; I could carry him up the fell on my back; I have forty gold sovereigns in my mother's broken tea-pot; I look better when I'm drest for church; I can kill a pig; I would lay down my life for him! Oh, oh, oh! Speak to me for Heaven's pity."

It is a satisfaction that, after losing the lover, she marries the god Pan and gets the upper hand of him. "Merla doth not square her jaw for nothing," as another admirer says. A good Hardy passage is the remark of one of the rustics caught out late at night: "Sir, I stand avouched for a common harum-scarum, overstrenuous for years and station. Yet the errand was good; 'fore the Lord, it was honestly begun" (p. 121). Had this appeared in America, the scene of the remark might be suspected of being laid at Albany.

Alma Strettell, dear to many through her previous book of translations, 'The Bard of the Dimbovitza,' has brought a new Belgian poet within English reach in 'Poems by Emile Verhaeren' (Lane). The earlier verses are too sombre and pessimistic, perhaps, for enjoyment, but they gradually rise into strains of exquisite refinement and spiritual beauty, reaching a climax in the closing poem (p. 83):

SHE OF THE GARDEN.

In such a spot, with radiant flowers for halo,
I saw the Guardian Angel sit her down;
Vine-branches fashioned a green shrine about her,
And sun-flowers rose behind her like a crown.

Her fingers, their white slenderness encircled
With humble, fragile rings of coral round,
Held, ranged in couples, sprays of faithful roses
Sealed with a clasp, with threads of woollen bound.

A shimmering air the golden calm was weaving,
All filigree'd with dawn, that like a braid
Surmounted her pure brow, which still was hidden
Half in the shade.

Woven of linen were her veil and sandals,
But, twined 'mid boughs of foliage, on their hem
The theologic Virtues Three were painted;
Hearts set about with gold encompassed them.

Her silken hair, slow rippling, from her shoulder,
Down to the mosses of the sward did reach;
The childhood of her eyes disclosed a silence
More sweet than speech.

My arms outstretched, and all my soul upstraining,
Then did I rise,
With haggard yearning, towards the soul suspended
There in her eyes.

Those eyes, they shone so vivid with remembrance
That they confessed days lived alike with me:
Oh, in the grave inviolate can it change, then,
The Long Ago, and live in the To Be?

Sure, she was one who, being dead, yet brought me,
Miraculous, a strength that comforteth,
And the Viaticum of her survival
Guiding me from the further side of Death.

Another book of extremely interesting translations is 'Legends of the Saints,' by the Rev. G. R. Woodward of S. Barnabas Pimlico (London: Kegan Paul). These are all translated from German sources generally unfamiliar, though one is from the "Knaben Wunderhorn" and one from Chamisso. Most of them are quaint, some fresh and sweet, none being more so than the following, by Helmine Von Chezy (p. 48):

JESUS AND THE MOSS.

Deep in the hollow of a wood
A moss-bed, green and spongy, stood,
Like velvet-carpet soft:
To outward view, though scant and slight,
This nook contained a seemly sight
Of leaves and boughs aloft.

To greenwood tree and rose o'erhead
The moss looked up and whispered,
"Such bloom God gave me ne'er:
But trodden under foot of men
No worship my poor shrine doth ken,
Mankind love light and glare."

But lo! there came that eventide
Christ, roaming through the forest wide,
With visage pale and wan:
Though footsore he would further go,
'Twas ease to feel the moss below
His feet, the Son of Man.

Come o'er the plain in heat and thirst,
In sand and sun, 'twas here that first
The moss 'gan cool His feet.
Then spake the Lord, "My Father's hand
Such love in thee hath surely planned,
And made thee soft and sweet.

"What eye so blind as not to see
E'en here in this thy low degree
God's power and grace and care?
Thou comely herb, if set at nought,
Of thee too thy Creator thought;
Thy lot serenely bear."

Jesus had scarcely spoken so
When from the moss began to grow
A rose, of wondrous hue:
Moss-rose 'twas called in little time,
It bloometh now in every clime,
Of meekness emblem true.

We have kept for the last the 'Poems' translated by A. M. von Blomberg into English from the Italian of Ada Negri (Boston: Copeland), because in them alone, of all these, we have genuine poetry of the people. It does not appear whether the translation itself is made in England or America, but we should be glad to think it a home product. It is as if we had Browning's Pippa singing

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her own song. Here is a girl who has never beheld the sea, the mountains, the lakes: who has never until lately spent even two days in the city; who walks daily in her wooden shoes to teach spelling to seventy or eighty noisy children; and yet who in her poems touches the human heart at every step, who sings her very love songs as "One of the People," and who sums up the silent drama enacted in a thousand mills, the world over, in this poem, "The Working Mother" (p. 56):

Among the shrieking wheels of the great mill
Where, 'mid the din that shaketh the wide hall,
A thousand women all
Their vigour spend, she too is working still.

For many a lustre, since she was a child,
She has been here.—Deftly her nervous hands
Guide thread and spool. She stands
And does not heed the noise, the tumult wild

That rages all around. But sometimes now
She is so tired and weary, oh, so tired!
And yet, as if inspired,
Raising her head, she smoothes her careworn brow.

She seems to say: "On, ever onward still!"—
Oh, misery, if one day her strength should fail,
If she began to ail
And could no more return her place to fill!

She must not and she cannot.—For her joy,
Her one ambition, her one son, behind
Whose brow she has divined
The lofty flight of genius—he, her boy,

Is studying.—She will, at any price.
For his necessities toil on all day,
Waste drop by drop away,
Offer herself a living sacrificce.

As once her youth, her old age too, God knows,
Trembling and frosty, she will give, her health
That was her only wealth—
Oh, saintly worker!—sweetness of repose,

All she will give. Her son shall study.—Grand
The future time shall see him, world renowned
And feared, his dark head crowned
With gold and laurel wreaths at fortune's hand!

Son of the people, study, silent sit
In the low hut that in the shadow lies,
Thou in whose ardent eyes
The mystic words of genius high are writ,

In thy proud muscles, in each fibre feel
The buoyant energy, the health that grace
A bold, undaunted race.
Aspire to the heights with fearless zeal.

Thy mother for thy sake some day will die;
To her intrepid, fallen body throw
A kiss, a greeting, go
To meet the hostile host that draweth nigh,

And with thy voice, thy pen, go forth to fight
And point out to the tottering century
The glorious radiancy
Of vast horizons bathed in a new light.

True, steadfast, honest in the noble strife
Awaiting thee, remember evermore:
Amid the great mill's roar
For this thy mother sacrificed her life.

JAMES'S TALKS TO TEACHERS.

Talks to Teachers on Psychology; and to Students on Some of Life's Ideals. By William James. Henry Holt & Co. 1899. Pp. xi-301.

The "Talks to Teachers" in the present volume comprise the substance of a course of lectures given by Prof. James in 1892 to the Cambridge teachers. The "Talks to Students" "were written in response to invitations to deliver 'addresses' to students at women's colleges."

"I have found by experience," he says of the earlier papers, "that what my hearers seem least to relish is analytical technicality, and what they most care for is concrete practical application. So I have gradually weeded out the former and left the latter unreduced; and now that I have at last written out the lectures, they contain a minimum of what is deemed 'scientific' in psychology."

The whole volume, in effect, may be taken as a partial answer to a question repeatedly asked by teachers and students in the present vogue of the study of mind: "Of what use, after all, in practice is psychology to us?" The book is, as the author says, "practical in the extreme," and, because a capital example of Prof. James's literary method in exposition, in which the phrase is an argument and the illustration a proof, is "popular" in the extreme. Much of it is of necessity half-familiar (the art of teaching does not belong wholly to the end of the century)—the "maxims of habit," for example: "We must take care to launch ourselves with as strong an initiative as possible"; "Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life"; "Seize the first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make," and "Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day." Yet even these are given a new freshness by the concept which they are brought forward to serve, of man as "a stereotyped creature, an imitator and copier of his past self, whose aim is to make his nervous system his ally instead of his enemy—to fund and capitalize his acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest." And side by side with what the new psychology but confirms and rationalizes, there is much that it has to say which is revolutionary; notably its exposure of the futile attempt to train the "general memory," to make the pupil study one thing in hopes that he may remember everything else; its condemnation of the practice of "breaking the balky will"; its "gospel of relaxation"; the stress it lays on almost verbal apperception, on "finding the right name," in moral deliberation.

"To think, in short," Prof. James puts it, "is the secret of will, just as it is the secret of memory. . . . The hackneyed example of moral deliberation is the case of an habitual drunkard under temptation. . . . His moral triumph or failure literally consists in his finding the right *name* for the case. If he says that it is a case of not wasting good liquor already poured out, or a case of not being churlish and unsociable when in the midst of friends, or a case of learning something at last about a brand of whiskey which he never met before, or a case of celebrating a public holiday, or a case of stimulating himself to a more energetic resolve in favor of abstinence than any he had ever yet made, then he is lost. His choice of the wrong name seals his doom. But if, in spite of all the plausible good names with which his thirsty fancy so copiously furnishes him, he unwaveringly clings to the truer bad name, and apperceives the case as that of 'being a drunkard, being a drunkard, being a drunkard,' his feet are planted on the road to salvation. He saves himself by thinking rightly."

Of the three essays composing the second division of the book, Prof. James regards the first, "The Gospel of Relaxation," as a continuation of the "Talks to Teachers." The remaining two, "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings" and "What Makes a Life Significant," belong together, he says, and follow another line of thought. There is, however, a fundamental unity in the two lines of thought, which is of especial interest at the present time to the student of the drift of philosophic thought. Prof. James himself expresses the principle of continuity early in the "Talks to Teachers":

"Popular belief has always tended to estimate the worth of a man's mental processes by their effects upon his practical life. But philosophers have usually cherished a different view. 'Man's supreme glory,' they have said, 'is to be a *rational* being, to know absolute and eternal truth. The uses of his intellect for practical affairs are therefore subordinate matters. The theoretic life is his soul's genuine concern.' Nothing can be more different in its results for our personal attitude than to take sides with one or the other of these views, and emphasize the practical or the theoretic ideal."

Prof. James frankly takes sides against the philosophers. The whole of his "Talks to Teachers" are based on his notion of what education means—the organization of the "*resources* in the human being, of the powers of conduct, which shall fit him to his social and physical world. An 'uneducated' person is one who is nonplussed by all but the most habitual situations."

The "Gospel of Relaxation" is but an extension of the same principle. Ἀσχολούμεθα ἵνα σχολάζωμεν, wrote Aristotle in the strange Orientalism which he had learned from Plato, and which philosophy, with its care for the inner life, and Christianity, with its scorn of outer things and its care for blamelessness rather than efficiency, for well-being rather than well-doing, have been at one in seeking to impose on the restless, eager Western world, with its incurable sense of outer fact and love of things, its innate sheer fascinated horror of death and annihilation, its distrust of ecstasy that simulates death and ends in debility. Σχολάζομεν ἵν' ἀσχολούμεθα ἀνὰ κράτος—'with all our might'—Prof. James writes, between the lines, in his "Gospel of Relaxation." The gospel of relaxation is preached in the name of strenuousness; the aim of life is not impassioned contemplation, but wise achievement; not ecstasy, but action; and the essays "On a Certain Blindness," and on "What Makes a Life Significant" but carry the same line of thought to the end. What makes a life significant is the service of an ideal, yet not the mere emotional service of it, but the vigorous and effective service; not the worship of an ideal for the sake of the ideal, nor even for the sake of worshipping it, but for the sake of the unity and dignity and power that a single-minded worship lends a man's energies. "Any old ideal" almost will do; absolutely any is better than none, or than a multitude of incompatible ideals.

"The more ideals a man has, the more contemptible on the whole do you continue to deem him if the matter ends there for him, and if none of the laboring-man's virtues are called into action on his part—no courage shown, no privations undergone, no dirt and scars contracted in the attempt to get them realized."

And the blindness in human beings, which is a blindness to each other's ideals, is lamentable because precisely we do not see that other people's ideals are a source of strength to them, such as to them at least our own could not be.

"We are but finite, and each one of us has some single specialized vocation of his own; and it seems as if energy in the service of its particular duties might be got only by hardening the heart toward everything unlike them. Our deadness toward everything but one particular kind of joy would thus be the price we inevitably have to pay for being practical creatures. Only in some pitiful dreamer, some philosopher, poet, or romancer, or when the common practical man becomes a lover, does the hard externality give way, and a gleam of insight into the ejective world, as Clifford called it, the vast world of inner life beyond us, illuminate our mind. Then the whole scheme of our customary values gets confounded; then our self is riven, and its narrow interests fly to pieces; then a new centre and a new perspective must be found."

Prof. James's own reading of "On a Certain Blindness" and "What Makes a Life Significant" is that they are chapters in his defence of individualism. "Hands off: nei-

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ther the whole truth nor the whole of good is revealed to any single observer." But the reason for non-interference is not a speculative reason, but the deeper, practical reason, that to attempt to make another like one's self is to destroy him. He cannot be like anybody but himself; and it is especially absurd for him to try to become so, for, wanton cruelty and violence apart, his own ideal, certainly the best for him, is probably as good as to a man of his power anybody else's could be.

"In this solid and tridimensional sense, so to call it, those philosophers are right who contend that the world is a standing thing, with no progress, no real history. The changing conditions of history touch only the surface of the show. The altered equilibriums and redistributions only diversify our opportunities, and open chances to us for new ideals. But, with each new ideal that comes into life, the chance for a life based on some old ideal will vanish; and he would need be a presumptuous calculator who should with confidence say that the total sum of significances is positively and absolutely greater at one epoch than at any other of the world."

The vividness of many of Prof. James's phrases—the "stolid cheek," the "codfish eye," the "balky will," the "bottled-lightning girl"—has drawn attention away from a quality in his style which in his last two books has become especially marked, the quality of a communicable fervor, a clear, grave passion of sincerity and conviction, from which some vibration detaches itself and passes into the reader, and forms him to the writer's mood. We have all of us made the acquaintance of the still-born counsel of perfection that mutely begs the life it is sent to give; and have learned to value a communicable fervor, in the rare cases in which it is found, more highly than any degree of picturesqueness. It would, of course, be ridiculous to try to present the indwelling spirit of a book gagged and bound within the limits of an "elegant extract," and we shall not make the attempt.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. With maps and plans. Dodd, Mead & Co. 12mo, pp. 326.

The story of the reconquest of the Sudan is worthy of a more quiet and business-like history than Mr. Steevens has given, and in time we shall get it. For the present we are thankful for any authentic details of Kitchener's campaign, even if marred by a verbosity and rhetoric often extravagant and tiresome. In his 'Conquering Turk' Mr. Steevens held himself better in hand, and was, besides, in a position of much greater impartiality between the combatants. Here we have not only torrents of words, but so thick a covering of praise for everybody in the expedition, from Kitchener downward, that confidence is shaken by what was meant to make it undoubting. Through all this, however, we get salient points from which a fairly satisfactory idea of means and ends may be gained when we sift what our witness tells us.

First, we can see that the policy of leaving the Sudan to its own fermentation for a dozen years was a wise one. Mahdism went through the period of fanatical faith which made every dervish a hero, and the devotion of his followers weakened when the Mahdi was seen to be a selfish and sensual tyrant, when triumphs and conquests ceased, and when the dullest had to ask whether the exploiting of the land after his death for the benefit of the Khalifa and his greedy favorites was the reign of the promised Messiah of their faith. The terrible hordes which had broken British squares, and which annihilated Hicks's army at Shekan, had degenerated so that we are at a loss whether to call their destruction at Atbara and Omdurman battles or mere massacres.

Second, the work of systematic education of the fellaheen and the Nubian blacks into trustworthy soldiers was a long but necessary task. They had time not only to acquire the discipline and drill which are the foundation of good tactical handling in the field, but, by contact with the enemy on the frontiers of Egypt proper, in the skirmishes and smaller battles of successive seasons, they lost the fear of the dervishes, and gained confidence in themselves and their officers.

Again, the time to resume the aggressive was well chosen. We must credit the English Government, as well as Lord Cromer and the Sirdar in Egypt, with keeping a watchful eye upon the schemes of France in central Africa; for the Fashoda incident, abortive when Kitchener was already at Khartum, might well have had much graver consequences if the Anglo-Egyptian army had still been below the second cataract of the Nile. The singular conjuncture was too fortunate for mere luck.

Fourth. Limiting the advance by the progressive construction of the Military Railway from Wady Halfa across the Nubian desert to Abu Hamed, and thence along the east bank of the Nile to Berber and the Atbara River, was wise prudence. Former experience has shown the uncertainty of reliance upon the Nile as a means of communication and supply above the cataracts, and our civil war had taught how long lines of railway could be made secure for heavy columns dependent upon depots far in the rear. The Khalifa and his emirs had sense enough to know that the locomotive whistle was a more portentous sound than that of heavy guns, for it swept away their visions of the hostile army starving in the desert when checked and made timid by the precarious means of getting food and ammunition. It meant also that British rule was coming to stay.

When at last it came to the assault of the Mahdist entrenched camp at the Atbara and the field fight in front of Omdurman, we asked, Can these be the redoubtable warriors that destroyed Hicks, captured Gordon, besieged Suakim, and rolled back the Anglo-Egyptian armies a thousand miles? At the Atbara it is said that nearly twenty thousand dervishes, under the Emirs Osman Digna and Mahmud, in trenches with abattis in front, were assaulted and exterminated by some twelve thousand under Kitchener, with a total loss to the latter of 81 killed and 493 wounded. Almost no prisoners, wounded or whole, are reported. Steevens says: "Mahmud's army was as if it had never been. These two short hours of shell and bullet and bayonet had erased it from the face of the earth."

Some two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles of desert marching followed, and Kitchener's forces were at the Kerreri hills, a few miles only from Omdurman and Khartum, and here the Khalifa Abdullahi fought for his capital, attacking the Sirdar's lines. The dervishes are said to be over thirty thousand strong; Kitchener, by reinforcements, has been brought up to twenty-two thousand. This time, four thousand prisoners are accounted for, but they are mainly a band which held together after the rout, and were allowed to surrender. In the fighting, 11,000 of the dervishes are said to have been killed and 16,000 wounded; but as the prisoners are only the 4,000 already mentioned, we must conclude that that whole 27,000 perished, first and last. "With all the deductions that moderation can suggest," says Steevens, "it was a most appalling slaughter. The dervish army was killed out as hardly an army has been killed out in the history of war." Five hundred casualties, killed and wounded, was all it cost the Sirdar's army!

No more decisive proof could be given of the total change in the character of the dervishes as soldiers. None of the old desperation of fanatical courage appears in such results. Instead of forming squares, Kitchener's men advanced in line. The dervishes seem nowhere to have made a really vigorous charge. They advanced again and again, but are everywhere described as melting away under the fire of the Lee-Metford rifles and the Maxim guns, by the time they were within two hundred yards of the Anglo-Egyptian lines. There are some of the old assertions of the dangerous enemy a wounded dervish is, but it does not stand to reason that the astonishing change in the quality of their fighting in ranks left them individually still determined, one and all, to die fighting and to accept no quarter. It is not strange that debate has arisen in England over the assertions made that the wounded were massacred without pity. If the figures given by Steevens are anywhere near correct, they amount in themselves to an indictment.

The description Mr. Steevens gives of the transformation of the little Egyptian village of Wady Halfa, long the advanced post at the second cataract, into a railway base and depot on a large scale, is interesting and instructive. We get also some realistic views of the desert and its withering heats, its smothering dust storms, and the parching thirst of the soldiers marching through it. The characteristics of the men, white, yellow, and black, are shrewdly noted. The diminution of population in the districts which have been under Mahdist rule is said to be appalling, and to indicate that the old-time trade of the country will have to await a new generation of inhabitants. The funeral services at the spot where Gordon fell were solemn, and full of pathetic reminiscences, made deeper by contrast with the inevitable but long deferred triumph. A significant step in Egyptian and African history has been taken.

Stars and Telescopes: A Hand-Book of Popular Astronomy, Founded on the Ninth Edition of Lynn's Celestial Motions. By David P. Todd. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 419.

Mr. Lynn's original text, to judge of it as well as we can from this volume, seems to be a very popular treatise on astronomy, not at all confined to the subject of "celestial motions," but characterized by a severe avoidance of two things, first, of all that relates to research as research, which constitutes the life of science, as well as of everything in the least degree mathematical, as all celestial motions are; and, second, not only of all that approaches the sensational, but also of all that relates to philosophy or to matters of general human in-

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terest. We can understand how such a book should have gone through nine editions in England, for it meets the popular English delusion that what is "plain and substantial," or, in other words, is stolid and positive, is all that is essentially valuable. But the qualities which recommend a book to English readers may not find equal success here. It may be doubted whether Americans will see any particular appropriateness, for instance, in printing very prominently before a book like this a sentence from St. Augustine's chapter on the "Spiritual Creation of the Virtues," set up in English black-letter like a text on a wall of a church. Its inconsistency with the purpose of the volume makes it all the more charmingly English; but that charm may escape the people of the great West. This Latin paraphrase of the opening of a great psalm is put second to a specimen of Wilhelm Herschel's English diction and German nebulosity. In place of Mr. Lynn's "Et pulchra sunt omnia, faciente te, et ecce tu inenerrabiliter pulchrior, qui fecisti omnia," St. Augustine would have supplied many another quotation not wandering clear away from astronomy, and more consonant with the main virtue (such as it is) of Mr. Lynn's book, *e. g.*, "Interrogavi cœlum, solem, lunam, et stellas; Neque nos sumus Deus, quem quæris, inquiunt" (Confessions, x. 6).

The volume affords no precise indications of what is Mr. Lynn's and what Prof. Todd's; but the work of the latter seems to have consisted in adapting the text here and there to American readers, to adding half-a-dozen important chapters, as well as long notes throughout giving additional facts, to select references to the literature, especially of the popular kind, at the end of every chapter, to a list of asteroids, a full index, and a great many illustrations of celestial objects, instruments, observatories, and portraits of astronomers—all of which is of a rarely painstaking quality. In this way the book has been converted into a veritable hand-book—not a mere digest of facts, but a copious selection of those that are most important. It is hardly possible for a hand-book to be what we generally mean by "popular," nor does this work, perhaps, profess exactly to be a *popular hand-book*. It is a "hand-book of popular astronomy"—that is, a compendium of facts interesting to the astronomical amateur—that extremely variable species which ranges all the way from the idlers and semi-idlers through the Ulugh Begs, the Dembowskis, the Rutherfurds, through the Lowells, the Pickerings, the Lockyers, to the glorious company of Tycho Brahe and William Herschel.

To many persons, the most interesting part of the book, which is well got up, will be the illustrations, of which there are nearly three hundred. The author seems to have made it a rule to give no portrait of a living man—a practice which apparently tacitly reflects upon the susceptibilities of astronomers to a degree that we hope is unwarranted. Some of the likenesses are quite admirable, as those of Alvan and George Clark. A few seem needlessly blurred, as are some of the star-clusters. Some of the figures of instruments, etc., are confused and dark. Only the professional astronomer can at all appreciate or understand a great part of the illustrations, which illustrate nothing in the text.

The work will deservedly enjoy a high degree of secondary authority among amateurs, owing to the good judgment and care which have presided over its compilation. Yet here and there we come across statements and reasonings which are not quite clear. For instance, on p. 219 we read, "Meteors, then, belonged originally to comets," and this conclusion is extended to "all meteoric bodies." But the only reason which is offered for this belief is that four comets have been known to break up under the influence of tidal forces into small fragments, forming meteors—an inference hardly parodied by the following: The 'Visible World' of Comenius, 'Nature Displayed,' by Dufief, Ollendorff, and Prendergast's 'Mastery' books, are all known to have produced many fluent speakers of different languages; hence, we may infer that all speaking of languages had its origin in phrase-books and the like. Such reasoning violates a logical rule of all induction, namely, that the sample by which the whole class is to be judged ought to be drawn at random from the whole of that class. This sample of meteors is, on the contrary, drawn exclusively from a part of the whole class which, owing to the mode of its limitation, cannot but possess that character which is inferentially, but unreasonably, extended to all other individuals of the class. What is a meteor? It is nothing but a cometary body which enters the earth's atmosphere. Why should all such bodies, without exception, be supposed to be broken from larger cometary bodies? In our present ignorance of the origin of things, it is not unlikely that of all the masses which wander through space a large proportion are very small. In such small bodies tidal forces would be very feeble, while their cohesion would be relatively powerful. It may be that Prof. Todd is in possession of some good reasons for thinking that no such bodies ever impinge upon our atmosphere; but if he is, they must be different from the premise he adduces.

England in the Age of Wycliffe. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan here offers to the public an essay first presented in competition for a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge. It is an attempt to bring together into one point of view the several aspects of an age fertile beyond any other in the great ideas which have made modern England what it is. The several chapters are almost independent studies, but the impression of them taken together is a fairly consistent one. Three interests have been made especially prominent: politics, society, and religion. The political field is limited to the decade from the death of the Black Prince in 1376 to the establishment of Richard II.'s power in 1385—a period too short to serve much purpose except, as the author puts it, that of a prologue to the "Tragedy of King Richard the Second." Socially, the central position is given to the peasant uprising of 1381, with its astounding revelation of the passion and force of the English common man, and its permanent lesson for the governing classes. From the side of religion we are given a picture of the rise of English Lollardry, or, again to use the author's word, of an "indigenous Protestantism."

The narrative of political events is not and could not be very interesting. Its detail is a dreary record of petty family quarrels, through which it is impossible to discern any real principle. The ignoble ending of a glorious reign, the strife for the control of an undisciplined youth, who was to break through restraint by an unexpected display of spasmodic energy, and the failure of John of Gaunt, the most capable person in an unattractive group, to direct the policy of government, are not very enticing subjects for a thoughtful historian. They acquire interest only as they are brought into relation with the really great moving forces of the nation, with its social unrest and its religious aspiration. This connection Mr. Trevelyan succeeds in making, not precisely in any formal or systematic fashion, but in the final impression of his book as a whole.

Where the author's sympathies lie, it is not difficult to discover. He has no respect whatever for the spirit of Froissart, who, writing of the social upheaval in England, treats it as a disagreeable but unimportant break in the natural course of things. Mr. Trevelyan has abundant room in his thought for the great meaning of this blind, passionate struggle in the work of human progress. He does not regret it. "It was a sign of national energy, it was a sign of independence and self-respect in the mediæval peasants, from whom three-quarters of our race, of all classes and in every continent, are descended." Yet he is equally far from extravagant eulogy: "Though as a protest it was perhaps useful, as a revolution it could only have led to anarchy."

So in the matter of religion. Mr. Trevelyan brings out very clearly the inevitable effect of Wycliffe's teaching in rousing men to higher ideals of personal liberty and public justice. He shows us that Wycliffe himself, while deprecating disorder and sedition, had, especially in his earlier teaching, supplied a religious basis for social revolt, just as surely as Luther, four generations later, was to do the same thing for the restless peasants of Germany. His picture of the attempts at repression of Lollardry is eminently fair to the persecuting side. He gives to the individual leaders of persecution all due credit for purity of motive, and softens his judgment, even of renegades, with every consideration for the pressure they had to bear. Yet here, too, one feels the note of true sympathy in his description of the fate of the Oxford University in this religious and intellectual struggle. There at least was one place where the honest thought of good men ought to have been safe from any form of public violence; yet nowhere was the "purification" of the country more complete or more effective. The University, as a bulwark of learning and of the liberty that ought to go with it, was ruined by the same state which had broken the peasant revolt and striven to make heavier yet the burden that had produced it.

We owe Mr. Trevelyan especial thanks for the concluding chapter on the later history of Lollardry. It carries him far beyond the limits of his title, but it helps to answer a problem of vital interest to the student of the English Reformation. It goes far to establish the proposition that Protestantism in England is indeed an indigenous product—not a mere importation from Germany, but a long-gathered and deeply rooted sentiment. Mr. Trevelyan's judgment is summed up in the last sentence of his book: "But those who still believe that liberty of thought has proved not a curse but a blessing to England and to the peo-

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ples that have sprung from her, will regard with thankfulness and pride the work which the speculations of Wycliffe set on foot, and the valor of his devoted successors accomplished."

We have tried to judge this book upon its merits, but it has an added interest as the maiden effort of a very young man who represents some of the greatest traditions of English historical writing. A nephew of Macaulay might have been pardoned if he had tried to give to his book something of the literary and dramatic charm ever to be associated with Macaulay's name. It is a tribute to his sound sense and good taste that he has done nothing of the kind. His style is admirable for simplicity and force, quite free from the affectations of cleverness that have marred the work of some recent English historians. He produces his effects by the intrinsic interest of his point of view, and by the conviction he creates in the reader that he has done honest work of investigation and thought. We venture to predict for him a notable future.

A Guide to the Wild Flowers. By Alice Lounsberry. With sixty-four colored and one hundred black-and-white plates, and fifty-four diagrams, by Mrs. Ellis Rowan. Frederick A. Stokes Co. Pp. 347.

On page 65, the keynote of the text of this volume is clearly struck: "It sometimes seems that we hardly know what to say about a flower." Let us see how true this is. On page 38, of Arrow-head it is said: "It hardly seems possible that these little under flowers would ever have the courage to call out boldly, 'Joseph, thou art keeping the sunshine from falling upon my head.'" Again, page 120: "The Jewel-weed and a bright, running stream have come to be about as closely associated in the mind as the dear old white horse and the red-haired girl." Once more, page 128:

"Something preliminary is almost necessary before venturing to speak of the Fringed Gentian, and even then it should be done with bated breath, for is it not the flower that has inspired poets and statesmen to such an extent that they have barely been able to write soberly about it? And, truly, it is a heavenly flower. But to those that are a bit worldly, and have not the poetical soul, it must always suggest that it has been gowned by nature's Worth; it is so *chaussée à ravir*. The beautiful fringe is but the latest conceit of fashion; and the soft green of its calyx, blending with its incomparable blue, is an example of the most ravishing taste. If we could indulge in such levity, we would almost look up its sleeves for *hors de combat*."

We never knew before where to look for *hors de combat*. Let us keep on with the Fringed Gentian and note: "It is fond of wandering, too, and though we mark the spot where it grows, we may seek in vain for it in the same place the next year. This characteristic, however, it owes to being a biennial." In an excellent work, largely due to the botanist who has prepared an introduction to this 'Guide to the Wild Flowers,' we read that the Fringed Gentian is an *annual*. And so it is.

It is, however, as a guide that the volume should be judged. On page 69, we are told this of the Rose Mallow: "Although at a great distance the large flowers of our plant can be seen, it is often difficult of approach. Positive terror seizes hold of the timorous, and their ardor for it is often tossed in the balance with the fear of snakes." Page 164 gives us an idea that the guidance is not confined to our own country, for we there read:

"The sweetest sight that Liverpool has to show to the unsteady traveller from over the sea is the rhododendrons that there grow so luxuriously [*sic*]. A feeling of pride inevitably takes possession of him, and he is sure to inform the first person with whom he comes in contact that they are from his own country, America."

Although the "unsteady," in the foregoing, suggests more snakes, it perhaps is all right, and may account for the failure of the traveller to discriminate between the Himalayan and other rhododendrons which greet him in Liverpool. The American *Catawbiense* is there with its offspring, but it is hardly fair to claim all the Liverpool rhododendrons as springing from this and from the species *Rhododendron maximum*.

But enough has been quoted to indicate the disappointment which one feels at the emptiness of the text. The authoress has a facile pen, and could well employ it in the society columns of a smart Sunday paper, but it has not been put to a good use in these attempts to construct a serious guide. In fact, the reader feels that she may all the time be making fun of the matter, and may be wondering how much such trash can be patiently read by the students of Thoreau, and Mathews, and Gibson. We cannot imagine these writers putting forth such a statement as the following concerning the skunk cabbage:

"The pistil also matures long before the stamens. These facts would favor the theory of its being visited by insects. On the other hand, we have to remember that insects have not the indomitable courage of the skunk cabbage, and do not venture out at so early a season of the year. Flies abound the first warm days of spring, so perhaps they or others of which we know nothing are their secret ambassadors."

The sharp line of demarcation between flies and insects would never have occurred to Gibson, or, in fact, to any other American. But *is* the authoress American? On page 104, we find the following, in regard to Monkshood (Aconitum): "Our own Indians call it ativishâ." By a curious coincidence, which is commended to the attention of ethnologists, the natives of the East Indies are said by Mr. Watt and Mr. Dymock to call *Aconitum heterophyllum* by the name *ativisha* or *ativish*. The question arises whether the "Indians" referred to by the authoress are "our own Indians."

The colored sketches in the work are interesting. One or two of them are somewhat inaccurate, notably the golden rod, but all are striking illustrations, full of spirit. Mrs. Rowan is especially happy in her management of distance and atmosphere, and has given in this volume many extremely beautiful and effective compositions. The black-and-white drawings are unworthy of their companions; some of them, like the twin-flower and the tall meadow rue, are coarse in outline and inexpressive. The drawing of the leaves of the tall meadow rue represents a form which is not known to descriptive botanists. Exactitude is the essential in all scientific drawings, however wide the latitude may be which is allowed to popular descriptions. It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Rowan could have had a hand in the preparation of the black-and-white sketches. She is so generally accurate, where good material is provided for her work, that these sketches do not appear to be hers. While regretting that the present volume cannot be accepted as a helpful guide to our wild flowers, we acknowledge with pleasure the possibilities suggested by Mrs. Rowan's successful treatment of some of her plants, for instance, larger blue flag and sourwood. The brush that can give us such beautiful effects ought to be supplied with well-selected specimens to illustrate our flora.

The History of South America from its Discovery to the Present Time. By an American. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1899.

In these days of Pan-America and pan-expansion, a work dealing fully with the history of the South American republics, collectively and individually, ought to receive a hearty welcome. Such a book apparently is the volume before us, a portly octavo of 345 pages. The author's initials are "R. C.," and the work is translated, presumably from the Spanish, by Adnah D. Jones. The title-page bears the date 1899, but a little glancing through the well-printed pages of the volume reveals the fact that it was written nearly a quarter of a century ago. Brazil has not yet shaken off her imperial ruler, and the fraternal relations between Chili and Peru have not been disturbed by the thunder of the *Huascar*, while the map of South America prefixed to the volume still shows the Pacific bathing the shores of poor pent-up Bolivia. There is absolutely nothing in the preface to disabuse the eager purchaser who thinks he is getting the latest information concerning our sister continent. Perhaps the publishers can explain.

The work is to a considerable extent descriptive, dealing largely with the physical and ethnographic features, the material resources, and the prospects of the individual countries. The treatment of these subjects is, to say the least, amateurish, but the historical portions are much better. The preface informs us that the book is "written with the most rigid impartiality, and pervaded throughout by a judiciously democratic and ardently American spirit." We are not disposed to refute the author's professions. He writes from the patriotic standpoint of the Pan-American, and believes in the future of the South American states. We should imagine, however, that his creed is a kind of optimism tempered by pessimistic spells when we read of Peru (page 286) that "complicated plot, treachery, intrigue, stabbing—nothing is wanting in this history of half a century, not even the disguised gentleman and the veiled lady of the old comedies"; or when the author tells us, with reference to a bloody tragedy enacted in Argentina, that "it can only make us reflect that in time ultramontanism might become the plague of the South American republics." How far his optimism would have been affected by the sight of the fratricidal war on the Pacific or the convulsions evoked by Balmaceda and Mello, we shall not venture to conjecture.

The account of the Spanish conquest is told in a vigorous and attractive manner, and presents an eloquent picture of the devilishness of those heroic champions of Mammon and the Church. The proclamation with which the Roman pontiff equipped the Conquistadores, and which was to serve as an announcement to the poor natives (who could not understand a word of it) that they must submit to assimilation under pain of having their wives and children sold as slaves, is reproduced here, and does not

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make altogether pleasant reading for some among us. The following passage, on page 23, ought to come home to some of our Jingo journalists: "In this unequal war, in which all the advantages were on the side of the invaders, the aborigines were treated, not as men who were fighting in defence of their liberty and the independence of their country, but as slaves who had rebelled against their masters."

The translator has performed his task creditably.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Mrs. G. R. Yesterday Framed in To-day. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Bazin, René. La Terre qui Meurt. Paris: Lévy.
Carlyle, Thomas. The Life of Schiller. [Centenary Edition.] Scribners. $1.25.
Davis, L. D. Ornamental Shrubs for Garden, Lawn, and Park Planting. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Fleury, Dr. Maurice de. Le Corps et l'Ame de l'Enfant. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Gale, N. A June Romance. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co. 75c.
Hardy, Charles R. Out of Nazareth. F. Tennyson Neely.
Irish, C. W. Qualitative Analysis for Secondary Schools. American Book Co.

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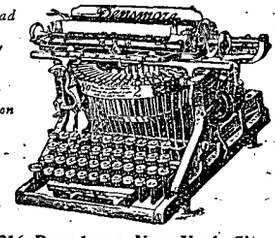

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